THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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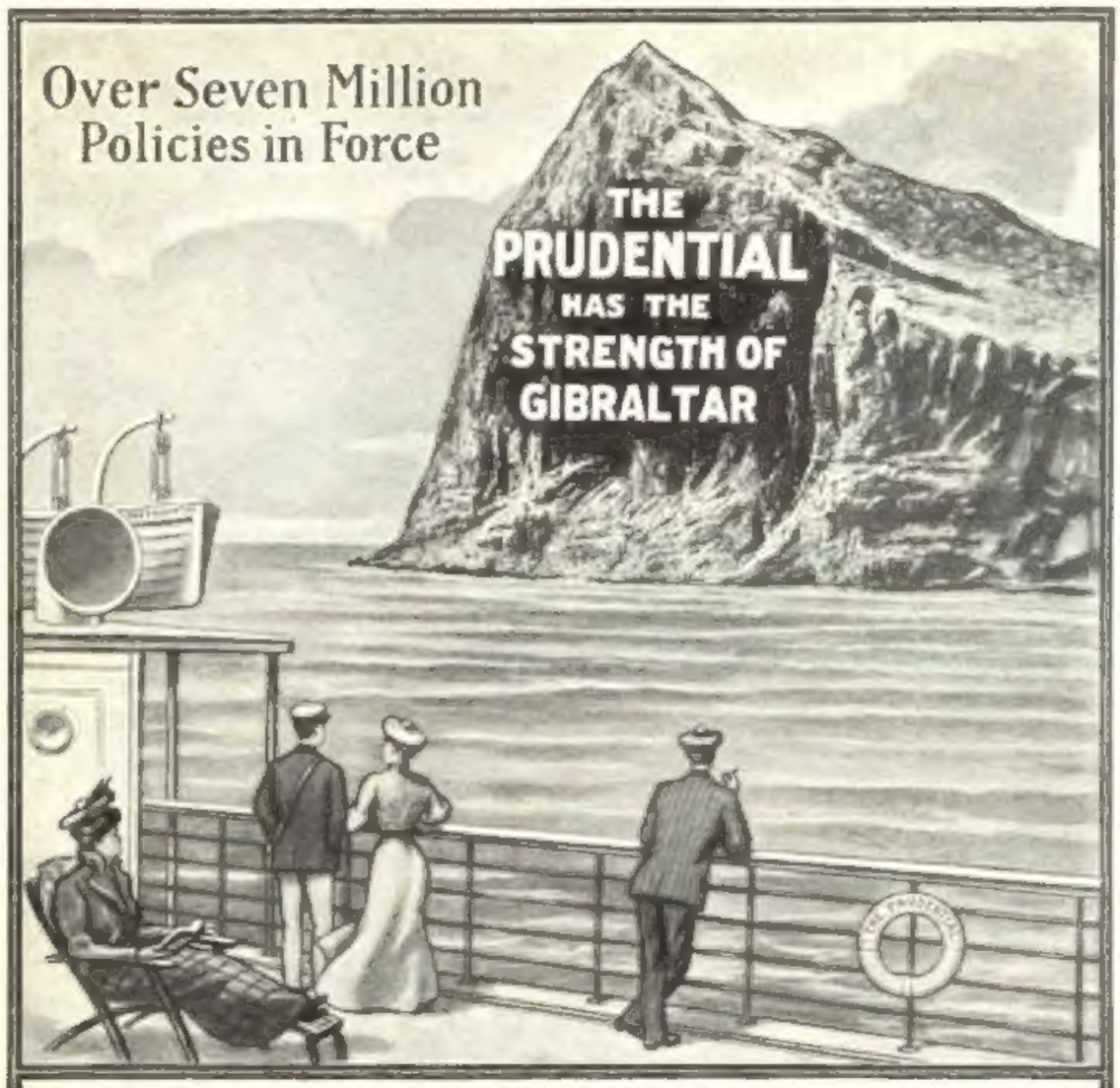
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA



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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1803 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Next Week's Number

Two Boom Towns and a Bride

By Eleanor Gates

When, the other day, we published The Prettiest Girl and the Homeliest Man, it became immediately evident that we had made no end of friends for Macie Sewell and her ardent, but unconsciously humorous, wooer. These friends, who have been writing us inquiries about the couple, will be glad to know that more of their romance is disclosed in the story which we will print next week—a story complete in itself, however, and telling, with the same wit which characterized its predecessor, how a real-estate deal won a claim in the state of matrimony.

Los Angeles

By Samuel G. Blythe

Mr. Blythe is our special correspondent at the front in the triangular battle for the commercial mastery of the Pacific. Lately he has been on the firing line of the Los Angeles forces, and his estimate of their plan to capture the tremendous prize is worthy of considerable study at the hands of all men who want to know how to boom their own interests by booming their own town. For Los Angeles, according to Mr. Blythe, "is the City of Eternal Boost."

The Respectability Shop

By Will Payne

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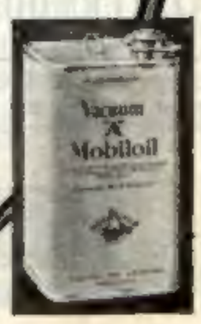

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A LADY IN HASTE

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

DO YOU mean to say that you actually effected this radical transformation in me through mental persuasion?" asked Kelly Jones with misleading mildness.

He was sitting on the edge of the bed in Manners' room at the Lenox Club, his straw hat on the back of his head, his walking-stick balanced vertically between flattened palms. From time to time he spun it on its ferrule.

Manners screwed his monocle into his left eye and smiled benignly upon Jones. The monocle fell out; he replaced it and waved his hand as though modestly disclaiming credit for the regeneration of Jones.

"Dear friend," he said in a deprecating voice, "while perhaps a vainer man than I might claim, with reason, some little credit for this happy and—ah—unexpected moral development in your character ——"

"So you *did* do it," mused Jones very calmly. "Gray and Kelvin and Todd noticed how I was acting at a house-party the other day; and they all seemed to think it was their duty to inform me that you are responsible for the sort of citizen I've turned into during the last three months."

"It's very kind of them," replied Manners with a modest cough. "I—ah—was fortunate enough to be of some slight service to these gentlemen—using on them the science of mental persuasion which I have also employed with such happy effect upon you ——"

"Oh! So you *did* deliberately employ mental influence on me? They said you did. I couldn't believe it."

Manners beamed with pride and affection on the cool, but now slightly trembling, Jones.

"I did, dear friend; yet I shrink from claiming the entire credit, because, at first, I had no real belief in my power and ability to influence and alter other people's characters and natures for the better. It was merely out of curiosity—just to see whether anything could possibly be done to make you less objectionable than you were—that I concentrated my mind on what at that time served you for an intellect. And I gave you the most powerful mental treatment I was capable of giving. And then, slowly, gradually, but perceptibly ——"

"What happened?" asked Jones in a voice audibly unsteady.

"Why, you began to behave so strangely—so—so decently ——"

"Oh, I did, did I?" his voice ending in a partly developed snarl. "Well, what sort of a creature do you think you've turned me into—you infernal and outrageous meddler? What, in the name of ten thousand idiots, did you want to interfere for? And I don't know now whether to let you live any longer or not, or whether to give you a chance of undoing what you've done to me. Personally, I prefer to destroy you!"

Stiffened to a human gargoyle in his amazement and grief, Manners gazed at his victim with protruding eyes.

"D-don't you *l-like* what I've t-turned you into?" he gasped at last.

Jones merely barked at him.

"B-b-but you were such an offensive little snob!" stammered Manners. "Why, Jones, don't you remember what an arrogant, inflated ass you were? A narrow-minded nincompoop!—a conceited worshiper of caste and fashion, toddling about town from function to function, lisping small-talk, making love to millions and leading inane cotillons? Can you blame me for trying to inject into you a vigorous dose of manly democracy—an unslaked passion for social equality and human brotherhood?"

"I may have been everything you say," retorted Jones, turning livid to the ears, "but it was none of your business, William. Do you know what you've turned me into? Do you realize what I'm doing now? I'm drifting headlong upon the rocks of moral and social disaster! I'm driving toward social extremes which appal even my own servants! I'm misbehaving most horridly, William! I was put out of Tuxedo."

"W-why?" faltered Manners.

"For wafting kisses at my hostess' French maid!" snapped Jones. "And no sooner did I find myself in town again than I seized the opportunity to issue invitations for a big dinner to introduce our second parlor-maid to society. Nobody came, and I understand everybody in town, including the parlor-maid, thinks I'm going crazy. That's what you've done for me with your social equality and universal brotherhood!"

Manners sat stunned, staring at Jones, who glared back, nervously clenching and unclenching his hand.

"Then," continued Jones, "although I seemed to realize it was not usual, I invited our colored furnaceman, the local policeman, and some very honest and efficient members of the municipal street-cleaning service, to meet our butler and the housemaids socially at a pink tea. Fortunately, my parents are at Bar Harbor—for it was a dreadful scene, William—they drew the color-line at the furnaceman, violently, and many things were broken in the drawing-rooms. And now what I am afraid of is that, in a moment of socialistic enthusiasm, I might inadvertently lead our estimable and cleanly cook to the altar, unless you do something at once to check my mania for social equality."

"Your *cook!*" shouted Manners, leaping to his feet.

"Yes," said Jones firmly. "She is very honest and clean and sober, and she makes wonderful entrées ——"

"Jones! You *are* crazy!"

"Maybe I am," retorted Jones wrathfully, "but you made me. Now, what I want to know is, whether you're going to do something for me before I satisfy my raging social appetite for a permanent life below stairs? I tell you, I'm perfectly possessed to marry my own cook or somebody else's. Confound it, William, I'll do it this very afternoon if you don't look out! I'm liable to do it at any moment, I tell you ——"

"N-now?" stammered Manners aghast—"Now? You don't mean *now*, do you, Kelly; you wouldn't approach your cook with s-s-such intentions to-day, would you, Jonesey, old friend?"

"Ya-as, I would," growled Jones. "Do you know what I've been doing this morning? Well, I've been washing off our sidewalk and exchanging sociable banter with my neighbors' scullions. I invited a trolley gripman to lunch with me at the Stuyvesant Club, but he couldn't leave his Broadway car; I wrote my sister's friend, Mrs. Magnelius Grandcourt, asking her to propose our laundress for the woman's new Commonwealth Club."

"Jones!!!"

"What?"

"W-wait a moment; wait until I can g-get between you and the door," said Manners soothingly, edging around his friend.

Jones swung about in his chair.

"Are you going to lock me in?" he asked. "You'd better not, because I want to go home and see how the cook is getting on. I've arranged to have her take piano lessons. She didn't seem to want to, but I engaged a teacher for three o'clock."

Manners' teeth were chattering in terror as he backed toward the door. "Th-that's all right, Jones," he managed to say. "I'll fix it up for you—I'll g-go out and fix it some way or other. Only you stay here, Jones—won't you? Listen, Jones; you wouldn't sneak out as soon as I'm gone and make straight for that c-c-cook and m-m-marry her—would you, Jonesey?"

"I don't know," said Jones gloomily. "I know I ought not to, but I'm likely to do almost anything in the culinary line. I tell you, I've got a perfect mania for an alliance below stairs, the farther downstairs the better!"

"W-well, you wait. If you feel that way—if you've g-got to m-m-marry somebody within the next few hours, I'll try to do something suitable for you ——"

"What are you going to do? I refuse to marry any suitable girl. How are you going to arrange that for me?"

"I don't know; just give me a—a moment to think it out."

"Well, hurry, then," said Jones. "That cook makes good entrées, and I'd be perfectly willing to marry her and pass my examinations for policeman."

"Will you wait here for me until I come back?" pleaded Manners, mopping the starting perspiration from his cold brow.

"Yes—if you think you can do anything for me. I'll give you half an hour, and not another minute ——"

"You promise, Jones? Will you give me an hour?—two—I mean three hours? Will you?"

"Yes—yes," with reluctance; "but not another second. I want to go back to the cook. I tell you that cook is a perfectly good cook—and I don't mind being a policeman for her sake ——"

Manners slammed the door, sped to the cloakroom, seized hat, gloves and walking-stick, and ran out into the sunny streets of the metropolis, his head in a whirl.

His first intention had been to rush distractedly to some physician, confess the perilous situation of Jones, and frantically beg medical assistance to wean Jones from his obsession with a strait-jacket.

Then it occurred to him that his own sanity would instantly be under suspicion, and that, if they detained him indefinitely for medical examination, Jones would consider himself free to continue his headlong progress kitchenward. And he had but three hours before him.

What in the world could he do? He stopped short in full career up Fifth Avenue, and stared vacantly about. *What* was there to do? Time was beating it around the world; every double-tick of his watch seemed to repeat the warning: "Quick—quick! Quick—quick!" Even the minute-hand pointed to twenty-three; and, in the distant siren of a motor-car, he seemed to hear the ominous wail, Skidoo—oo—oo!

Whatever he was to accomplish must be executed with dispatch. He had only three hours!—three hours between Jones and a declaration to the cook! And in his excitement he began galloping uptown as though driven by Furies.

It is said by some that the motion of the legs incites thought, although the brain is not always in the feet. And, as Manners ran, a grotesquely forlorn idea took shape—that some amiable and attractive girl of his acquaintance, if all the deadly and imminent facts of Jones' peril were laid before her, might, out of a noble impulse of pity, consent to inspect Jones with a view to matrimony. For what Jones required was a lady in haste.

But everybody feminine and possible was out of town; he drove madly in a hansom from house to house, only to be confronted with boarded doors and windows and lowered shades displaying the round, particolored disk of a burglar-insurance company.

For an hour he scoured the districts where some stray girl of his acquaintance might still chance to linger in town. It was useless; Fashion had fled the city long since—to return to a hotel for a day, perhaps, in transit from one watering-place to another—from seaside to mountain, and vice versa—but not to reopen the big, closed houses in the residential district.

And now, as he sat in his cab, baffled, beaten, desperate, he looked longingly at the pretty women passing, doubtless in town for a day's shopping. And, hoping that among them might appear some woman he knew, he sat for another hour, his cab drawn up along the curb, anxiously scanning the passers-by.

If Jones had only given him three days instead of three hours he might have advertised in the papers: "Wanted! a lady in haste!" and stood a fair chance of capturing something available for Jones in a town where anything can be had by advertising.

"If somebody I know doesn't appear pretty soon," he muttered excitedly to himself, "I've a notion to pick out the prettiest girl I can find and tell her the whole harrowing situation, and beg her to take a look at Jones, object matrimony. . . . The most she could do would be to call a policeman; but Heaven knows my intentions! Heaven knows them to be pure as an unborn kitten's ——

"The thing to do," he said, as the suggestion grew and took hold of him more firmly—"The thing to do, at any cost, is to save Jones from that cook! He mustn't wed her! I—I won't let him—I can't!"

Dark thoughts swarmed about him; dreadful dreams, unbidden, came crowding upon him.

"No—no!" he muttered, appalled; "I cannot do *that*, even for Jones. I cannot marry her to save my friend! There must be some way—there must remain some other solution of this hideous problem!"

He leaned from his hansom, staring stonily out at the passers-by.

"If only I could see a human girl who looks as though she wouldn't call a policeman! If only in this passing throng, so selfishly absorbed in its own petty concerns, I could see one kind, mild, noble face—one lofty countenance capable of understanding, of pity, of sublimely generous impulse——" His muttering ceased abruptly, his astonished eyes became fixed; then the bright flush of shame mantled his features.

A young girl in a dainty black summer walking-gown was advancing leisurely along the avenue, glancing severely and fearlessly about her out of a pair of unusually intelligent eyes. Under one arm she carried a packet.

"By Jove!" muttered Manners; "another of my experiments!"

For instantly he had recognized in that graceful, slender figure and pretty, absorbed face another of his subjects*—one of the five unknown and attractive girls whom he had observed from the Lenox Club window that fatal afternoon three months or more ago, and on whom, in his idle perversity, he had experimented—treating each, mentally, for whatever, in his presumptuous opinion, each seemed to lack in character.

As soon as he recognized her he remembered what he had treated her for. He had projected toward her an emergency dose of unworldly generosity to correct the sensuously selfish modeling of the chin, and the cold, thin, calculating expression of the lips. "What you need," he had suggested vindictively, "is to learn to do your own housework and cooking! Think less about yourself; give up your horses and use the feet Heaven gave you! Let your greatest luxury be the yielding to generous impulse! Go and revel in emotions, and smile and sigh with the great out-world!"

And everything that he had willed for her came back to him now—the scene itself, that fresh, sunny April afternoon, himself at the club window, and she, pale, indifferent, overdressed, glancing out upon the young world so disdainfully from the comfortable cushions of her smartly-appointed carriage.

And now here she was, afoot this time, sauntering democratically up Fifth Avenue in midsummer, her beautiful dark eyes looking out on the dusty world, and with a new and pensive intelligence. And Manners noticed that her chin and the thin, coldly selfish lips had now grown full and sensitive and delicately rounded.

As she passed she glanced up at Manners, considered him for a second, then her gaze quietly shifted elsewhere, and she passed on her way along the sunny avenue, composed, unconscious that behind her an excited individual, wearing a monocle, was hurriedly settling obligations with his cabman, determined to pursue her and persuade her to overlook informality and listen to the strangest story that a young girl had ever dreamed of in the metropolis of Manhattan.

As he hastened after her he drew out his watch and glanced at it. He had half an hour—twenty minutes to persuade her; ten minutes to get back to Jones!

For a moment his courage failed in full realization of the almost hopeless situation. But the very shock of it seemed to nerve him to desperation; the girl was walking just ahead of him, and he took two quick strides forward and removed his hat with terror written on every feature.

"D-don't run!" he said hoarsely; "there's no danger!"

So alarming was the countenance she turned to look into that she involuntarily halted, alert and startled.

"D-don't stop, for Heaven's sake!" stammered Manners, replacing his hat. "Keep straight on, please! I only want a lady in haste ——"

"What is the matter!" she murmured, paling a trifle, but hastily moving forward again. "Is anything dreadful behind me?"

"No, only I. Don't call a policeman—don't cross the street to avoid me. I—I don't mean to be offensive, but I've simply got to tell you something ——"

She halted instinctively, a wave of astonished displeasure crimsoning her pretty face.

"Oh!" he cried in an agonized voice; "don't do that! Don't look at me as though you thought me impertinent."

"You *are!*" she said under her breath, moving swiftly forward to avoid him at the same time.

"N-no, I'm not! Look at me! Do I look impertinent? I only look half scared out of my senses, don't I?" he pleaded, keeping step with her. "Can't you tell when a man is in desperate need of help?"

She slackened her pace; her flushed and averted face slowly turned part-way toward him.

"Are you asking for *charity?*" she demanded incredulously.

"N-not *that* sort of help," he explained, as her hand mechanically sought her purse, while the dark, disdainful eyes looked him steadily in the face.

"*What* is it you wish?" she insisted impatiently.

"A lady—just a plain, ordinary lady—and—and a few moments' conversation with you. *Don't* mistake me! Don't condemn me the way you—you are doing! I—I'm in a perfectly ghastly predicament, and I need help."

"What?"

"A predicament. Please, *please* believe that only sheerest desperation drove me to this unconventional step. I'm a perfectly decent man—if there was time I'd ask you to look me up in the Blue Book and Social Register—but there isn't. I—I've only half an hour to make my appeal to you and get back to Jones before he succumbs to his cook ——"

"Jones!" she repeated, astonished; "his *cook!*"

"Y-yes. He's the man who is in this terrible predicament ——"

"You *said* that *you* were!"

"So I am—not as badly in as Jones! Oh, help us—help us, please ——"

"Who is Jones?" she asked, utterly perplexed.

"K-K-Kelly Jones—a f-friend of mine. P-perhaps you know him!"

"Did you say *Kelly* Jones?"

"Yes. He's in the Blue Book, too, but he won't be very long unless you do something about it!"

"I?" she repeated, helplessly bewildered. Then a sudden glimmer of fear grew in her dark eyes. Manners saw it growing. He had expected it.

"You think I'm biting crazy?" he said sadly; "don't you?"

She flushed painfully, but the strange little glimmer died out.

"What do you mean?" she asked, looking at him in impatient perplexity. "If you really believe that anything justifies your speaking to me in this manner, please explain it as briefly as possible. You spoke just now in behalf of a Mr. Jones—Kelly Jones. What has happened to this Mr. Jones?"

"Do you know him?" asked Manners eagerly. "He's in most hor-r-r-rible danger! You alone can aid him! Do you know him?"

"You say he is in danger?" she asked with a little quaver in her voice.

"Ter-r-r-rible!" he insisted anxiously. "*Do* you know him?"

"I was once at boarding-school with a sister of a Mr. Kelly Jones—Kelly De Lancey Jones—and I believe he came down to Ferndale once or twice. He probably wouldn't remember *me* ——" She broke off, surprised at the evident delight breaking out on Manners' face—innocent, guileless delight; and even she recognized the naïve harmlessness of the joy now illuminating the features of Mr. Manners until they fairly exuded a sort of unctuous benevolence.

"The gods," he said brokenly, "are occasionally good to the Irish. My grandfather came from Roscommon, and my name is William Manners."

"Are *you* that amazing man!" she exclaimed in dismay, shrinking back a pace. "Are you the—the Mr. Manners—the one who—who changes people into ——"

"Which victim of mine do you know?" he asked calmly. "Kelvin? Gray? Todd?"

"Mrs. Todd," she admitted, her beautiful dark eyes reflecting her astonishment and curiosity.

"Oh!" he said bitterly. "So you know what I was idiot enough to do to the Todds? Well, what I did to the Todds and Grays and Kelvins isn't a circumstance to what I've managed to do to Kelly Jones and y——" He bit the pronoun off short on the very instant of self-betrayal.

"W-what have you done?" she breathed excitedly, "and why do you speak so bitterly about it? It—it is certainly a terrible and fearful power you have—and yet—and yet you have made Mr. and Mrs. Todd very, very happy."

"That may be," he muttered; "but you don't know what *I've* been through. By Jove! When I think of the agony I've endured! And now I'm distracted over Kelly Jones ——"

"Is—is Mr. Jones—*what* did you do to Mr. Jones?" she ventured.

"I injected a lot of imbecile ideas into him! I dosed him full of democracy! I figuratively turned a mental hose on him and soaked him all over with the milk of human brotherhood! He was a snob, and I hurled waves of social equality at him! What an ass I was!" And Manners fairly writhed as he walked.

"But—but was not that rather helpful to Mr. Jones?" she asked, intensely interested.

*See The Mischief-Maker.

"Helpful! Do you know what he's trying to accomplish?"

"W-what?"

"Marriage! With his family cook!"

"Oh-h!" she said faintly. "Why?"

"Because I didn't know how to work those waves," groaned Manners; "and because I don't know how to stop 'em! Now he's so full of social democracy that he wants to be a policeman!"

"Mr. Manners!!"

"He does! That's why, driven to despair, I dared risk speaking to you."

"But," she said, confused, "I don't yet understand ——"

"Shall I tell you the startling truth?—but I've simply got to tell you, anyway; and all I ask you to promise, in the beginning, is not to run away."

"I certainly shall not *run* in any direction," she said, with heightened color.

"W-well, don't make *me* run. Will you promise?"

She continued walking in self-possessed silence for a minute or two. Presently she glanced up at him as though awaiting further enlightenment.

"As a matter of indisputable fact," began Manners solemnly, "Kelly Jones is at this moment in my room at the Lenox Club, determined to return to his house and make the family cook his bride."

The girl shuddered, but kept her eyes on Manners.

"Three hours," he continued, "were allowed me to find some remedy, some alternative, to his expressed determination. Two and three-quarters of those fatal hours are now over. Poor Jones! Poor, unfortunate Jones!—in the clutches of a mania which is no fault of his; mad on the subject of assorted scullions; his judgment befuddled with the complexities of social democracy; driving headlong upon the rocks of social extinction ——"

"Oh-h!" breathed the girl pitifully; "you *must* do something!"

"Think of it!" insisted Manners; "think of this handsome but wretched young man driven helplessly kitchenward in spite of himself! a most attractive, intellectual, ornamental young man ——"

"This is actually w-wicked, Mr. Manners!" said the girl hotly. "This is the most shameful ——"

"It certainly is!" said Manners miserably. "I'm at my wit's end to know what to do. That's why I ventured to speak to you. And," he added solemnly, "so long as I have spoken to you nothing now remains between that unfortunate young man and the soup—to speak metaphorically—except *you!*"

"I? What do you mean, Mr. Manners?"

The hot color crept into her cheeks again. "Why do you come to me? What do you expect I could do in this very cruel and shocking matter?"

"I expect you'd tell me how to get Jones out of it."

"*I?*" she repeated—"I? How can I mitigate this perfectly dreadful thing you have done to him ——"

"It's not half so dreadful a thing as what he'll do in about ten more minutes," said Manners, dejectedly inspecting his watch, "unless you prevent it."

"What is he going to do in about t-ten more minutes?" asked the girl tremulously.

"I told you," he replied, "that he has honorable designs on the family cook."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, revolted; "you have *got* to do something! You *must!*"

"What?" he asked vacantly.

"Get rid of that cook!" she said with spirit. "Why not? You must get rid of her instantly and forever!"

"I? How am I to get rid of her?" he asked aghast. "M-m-murder her—do you mean? And h-hide her m-m-mortal remains in the t-t-tubs ——"

"Don't talk that way," said the girl nervously; "even in jest. There must be some way—some other way of getting rid of her ——"

"What way? We've got about nine minutes left."

The girl halted, standing stock still. Then, looking up: "Where does Mr. Jones live?"

"In Fifty-eighth Street—the next block."

"You know the house, of course?"

Manners admitted that he did.

"Then," she said with determination, "it will be easy enough to get rid of that cook. All that is necessary is for you to go there, ask what wages she's getting, offer her double to leave the house in eight minutes, and take her away with you ——"

"But what am I to do with a cook?" asked Manners.

"Why, take her into your own service, of course ——"

"How can I when I live at the club?"

"You must take her, anyway!" said the girl warmly. "It doesn't make any particular difference to me what you do with her. The main thing is to get her out of Mr. Jones' house before he can ——"

"Yes, I know. But what would I be doing with a female cook? I couldn't put her up at the club, you know. I—you don't expect me to pass my entire time in walking about the streets with a cook, do you?"

"Mr. Manners! You *must* get that cook out of Mr. Jones' house this instant! It's wicked and shameful and outrageously selfish of you to leave her there another moment!"

"Great Heaven!" said Manners; "do you expect me to adopt her? How can I pay her double wages when I haven't any kitchen for her? If I take that unfortunate woman out of the house there's apparently nothing left for me to do but start on a wedding tour with her!"

"What a horridly selfish man you are!" she said.

Manners breathed harder.

"Oh!" she exclaimed impatiently; "are you going to stand there when every moment is perilous? Are you going to do nothing? Are you afraid?" And, flushing with a generous impulse of pity, she said: "Show me that house! I cannot stand by and let such a thing happen to anybody!"

Manners started forward with alacrity. "That's the very thing," he said. "A woman understands how to manage cooks and things. Here's the house. I—I'd better not go in, I think ——"

"You must!" she said.

He stood at the door, hesitating, but she leaned forward and touched the electric button.

"Anyway, all the servants have left," he muttered.

"Why?" she asked blankly.

"Because Jones gave a pink tea yesterday, and invited the colored furnaceman, and they drew the color line with violence."

"Then—then is there nobody to let us in?" she asked, appalled.

"Only the cook ——" He stopped short as the door was opened. Then he attempted to back away, but the girl, reckless of appearances, laid her hand on his arm so that he was practically forced to enter the house with her and confront a mature Hibernian of female persuasion, who returned their scrutiny out of two small, greenish and strabismatic eyes.

"Are you the cook?" asked the girl calmly.

"I am *that!*" replied the woman emphatically.

The girl turned and bade Manners remain where he was in a voice of such remarkable decision that he stood a moment transfixed; then, as the girl and the cook disappeared into the drawing-room, he feebly protruded one arm to sustain himself, found nothing to support him, and collapsed upon a gilded hall-seat, his hat on his knees.

For exactly two minutes the girl and the cook remained invisible; then the cook appeared, laboriously waddling toward the servants' stairway in the rear, and, in an incredibly short space of time, reappeared enveloped in an imitation India shawl, carrying a bag in one fist and vigorously pushing her prehistoric bonnet straight with the other.

At the same moment the girl walked swiftly into the hallway and threw open the front door.

"This is the gentleman, Maggie," said the girl cruelly. "He will, I hope, be very, very kind to you, and very generous. Perhaps he may continue to raise your wages from month to month. . . . Are you ready, Mr. Manners?"

Manners, dazed, stood up and gazed fearfully upon the cook. As in a horrid sort of dream he slowly realized that the cook was not sober. Then he heard the girl behind him saying: "Hurry, Mr. Manners; you are already a little late." Then he found himself on the sidewalk, the Irish nightmare waddling at his elbow, and he halted, casting back one wild glance at the open door behind him.

From the doorstep the girl was looking at him, and in his exasperated eyes she detected the nascent frenzy.

(Concluded on Page 30)

"Sweetheart," He Whispered Naïvely, Partly Because He Didn't Know Her Other Name

Is Roosevelt an Opportunist?

What He Wrote About the Trusts and Said About the Railroads in 1899

By FORREST CRISSEY

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has been called the prince of opportunists. Newspapers, North, South, East and West, have commented on the readiness of Roosevelt to grab off the passing sensation of the hour and create of it a great national issue. They accuse him of being almost miraculously devoid of anything like a fixed line of constructive policy, but alert to mix up with any issue that chances to come along in a catch-as-catch-can, rough-and-tumble kind of a squabble, "unbecoming the dignity of a President of the United States and impossible to a mind possessing the first element of statesmanship."

The stinger in the business end of all these accusations is the statement that Roosevelt is temperamentally devoid of well-settled convictions, that he "goes off at half-cock," that he acts on impulse instead of judgment, that his policies are hatched on the instant. Particularly has the President been lampooned on his attitude toward the trusts and the railroads.

There is at least one man in the country on whom this sort of criticism grates, because he knows it to be untrue. This man is Herman H. Kohlsaat, of Chicago, the intimate of two Presidents and the man who wrote the word "gold" into the money plank of the McKinley platform. If he needs further distinction, he has it in the fact that he refused an Ambassadorship of the first rank, and that his two President friends have never been able to offer him anything he would accept.

There are two things which Mr. Kohlsaat always carries in his pocket. One is a little quoted saying by Abraham Lincoln, the other is a letter written to him by Theodore Roosevelt, when Governor of New York. This letter conclusively nails the charge that President Roosevelt's policy on the trust question is, or has been, that of an opportunist, formulated for the purpose of catching step with popular clamor. It is *prima facie* proof that the President's position on the trust problem was not taken until he had studied the subject carefully and in the light of the views and advice of the men in whom he had greatest confidence. More than this, the letter, reproduced here in fac-simile, carries its own proof that Mr. Roosevelt was carefully studying the trust question as far back as 1899, before his nomination for the Vice-Presidency and while he was Governor of New York.

But how about the President's policy on the matter of Federal railroad regulation? Perhaps he has been more widely accused of "opportunism" on the railroad question than on any other. The newspapers and orators, the railroads and their managements, have spared no means to promote the understanding that on this particular problem, vitally affecting millions of securities and the whole industrial system of the country, the President of the United States has acted on the impulse of the moment, has played to the excited prejudices of the masses, and has been about as unprepared to deal with the question as a college youth who has just been handed his sheepskin. Just how much truth is there in this version of the matter?

In June, 1899, Mr. Roosevelt invited Mr. Kohlsaat to join his party at Chicago and attend with him the reunion of the "Rough Riders" at Las Vegas, New Mexico. Mr. Paul Morton, then vice-president of the Santa Fe Railroad, tendered the party the use of his private car from Chicago.

When "Governor" Roosevelt came to the Santa Fe station, in Chicago, Mr. Morton was introduced to him by Mr. Kohlsaat. This was the first meeting of Mr. Roosevelt and his future Secretary of the Navy. All the members of the party were together for a week. The special had scarcely started on its way to New Mexico before Governor Roosevelt warmed up to the tall, blond official, and began to probe him with keen and intelligent questions on the relation of the railroads to the Government and the people.

"These conversations," says Mr. Kohlsaat, "were both frequent and animated. Mr. Roosevelt was full of the subject and was constantly recurring to it. The railroad question was the ruling topic of the trip, and the questions with which Mr. Roosevelt plied Mr. Morton were searching. He wanted to know all about it, and he went after the information in his characteristic way.

"My recollection of those talks is vivid, and I was impressed with the knowledge of the subject that Mr. Roosevelt displayed in his questions. He came at the question from almost every possible angle, and probed it to the bottom. The drift of all his inquiries, however, was to get at the situation in a practical way—to get at the abuses of the system, and at the same time to find out what remedies would be practical and work out in common justice for the roads and for the people.

"Toward the end of the trip he came out squarely with this declaration: 'I believe the time has come when we must have Federal supervision or Federal control of railroads. I am utterly opposed to the Government ownership of railroads. However, I believe that, if we do not get Government supervision or control, the radical demand for Government ownership will come with force and, perhaps, sweep the people along with it.'

"There was much talk on the subject of railroad pooling, but Mr. Roosevelt did not express himself on this subject; his attitude appeared to be that of a man with an open mind and an undetermined judgment.

"After Mr. Roosevelt became President he invited Mr. Morton to become a member of his Cabinet. This offer of a portfolio was repeatedly declined, but President Roosevelt insisted. In the course of the conferences on the matter Mr. Morton declared that the navy portfolio was out of his line, and that all the practical knowledge he had of ships was gained in touring Kansas in a 'prairie schooner.' More than this, he bluntly told President Roosevelt that his own road, the Santa Fe, had been technically guilty of rebating.

"But the President still urged him to come into the Cabinet, and gave as his reason that he wished to have a strong, practical railroad man at his elbow, as an adviser, because he wished to become thoroughly familiar with the railroad question from a practical viewpoint. He felt that the Federal supervision of railroads was one of the biggest problems of his Administration, and he wanted to know all about it from the inside.

"Later, when the matter of prosecutions for rebating was at a sensational pitch, and the newspapers were pointing at Mr. Morton, the President stood pat and stuck by his faithful Cabinet adviser. And on this point Roosevelt covered the situation by saying: 'I'd have been a skunk if I'd done anything else.'"

Oyster Bay, N.Y.,
August 7, 1899.

Hon. H. H. Kohlsaat,
The Times-Herald,
Chicago, Ill.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat:

I write to you for two bits of advice.

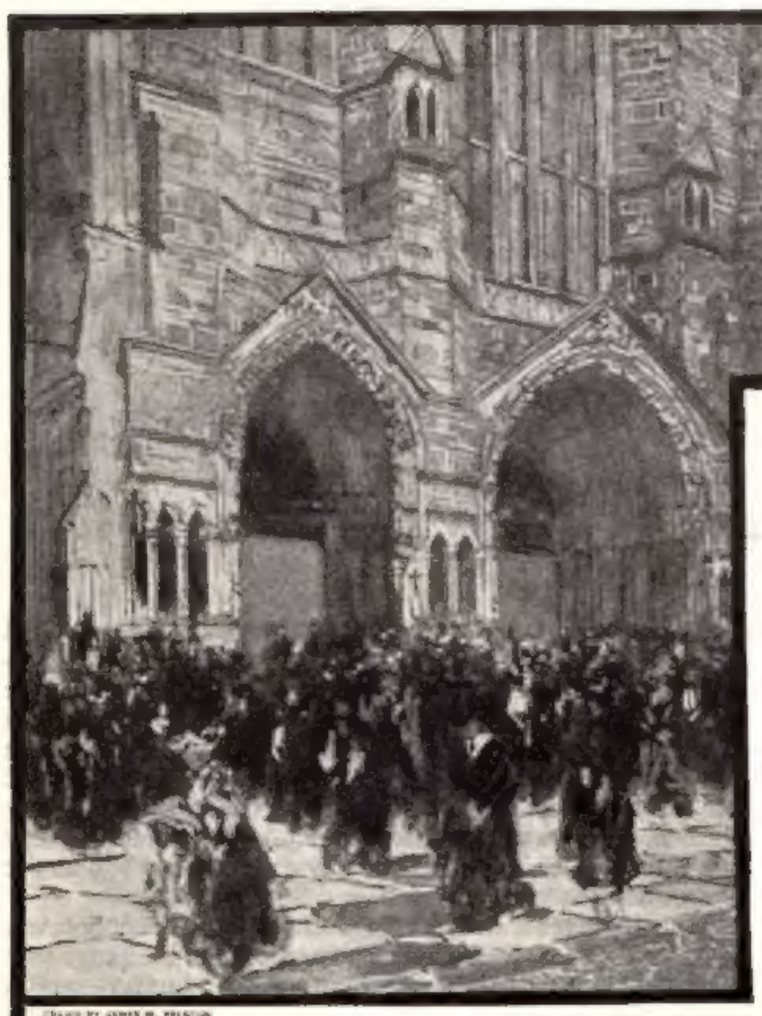
The Minnesota league of Republican Clubs want me to come out there November 1st. I don't feel much like going out at this time. I do not see that the good that I could do would counterbalance the strain and effort and I think I had better keep my western trip for some future time. What do you think?

How about trusts? I know this is a very large question, but more and more it seems to me that there will be a good deal of importance to the trust matter in the next campaign and I want to consult with men whom I trust most as to what line of policy should be pursued. During the last few months I have been growing exceedingly alarmed at the growth of popular unrest and popular distrust on this question. It is largely aimless and baseless, but there is a very unpleasant side to this over-run trust development and what I fear is, if we do not have some consistent policy to advocate then, that the multitudes will follow the crank who advocates an absurd policy, but who does advocate something. Have you thought enough about the matter to say whether any legislation, and if so, what, should be undertaken, or whether there is any other remedy that can be wisely applied?

Faithfully yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

"Inasmuch as Ye Did it Not——"



By E. NESBIT

If Jesus came to London,
Came to London to-day,
He would not go to the West End,
He would come down our way;
He'd talk with the children dancing
To the organ out in the street,
And say He was their big Brother,
And give them something to eat.

He wouldn't go to the mansions
Where the charitable live,
He'd come to the tenement houses
Where we ain't got nothing to give.
He'd come so kind and so homely
And treat us to meat and bread,
And tell us how we ought to behave,
And we'd try to mind what He said.

In the warm, bright West End churches
They sing and preach and pray.
They call us "Beloved brethren,"
But they do not act that way.
And when He came to the church door
He'd call out loud and free,
"You stop that preaching and praying,
And show what you've done for Me."

Then they'd say, "Oh, Lord, we have given
To the poor both blankets and tracts,
And we've tried to make them sober
And we've tried to teach them facts.
But they will sneak round to the drinkshop
And pawn their blankets for beer,
And we find them very ungrateful:
But still we persevere."

Then He would say, "I told you,
The time I was here before,
That you were all of you brothers,
All you that I suffered for.
I won't go into your churches,
I'll stop in the sun outside.
You bring out the men, your brothers,
The men for whom I died!"

Out of our beastly lodgings,
From arches and doorways about,
They'd have to do as He told them—
They'd have to call us out.
Millions and millions and millions,
Thick and crawling like flies:
We should creep out to the sunshine,
And not be afraid of His eyes.

He'd see what God's image looks like
When men have dealt with the same,
Wrinkled with work that is never done,
Swollen and dirty with shame.
He'd see on the children's forehead
The branded gutter sign
That marks the girls to be harlots,
That dooms the boys to be swine.

Then He'd say, "What's the good of churches
When these have nowhere to sleep?
And how can I hear your praying
When they are cursing so deep?
I gave My blood and My body
That they might have bread and wine,
And you have taken your share and theirs
Of these good gifts of mine!"

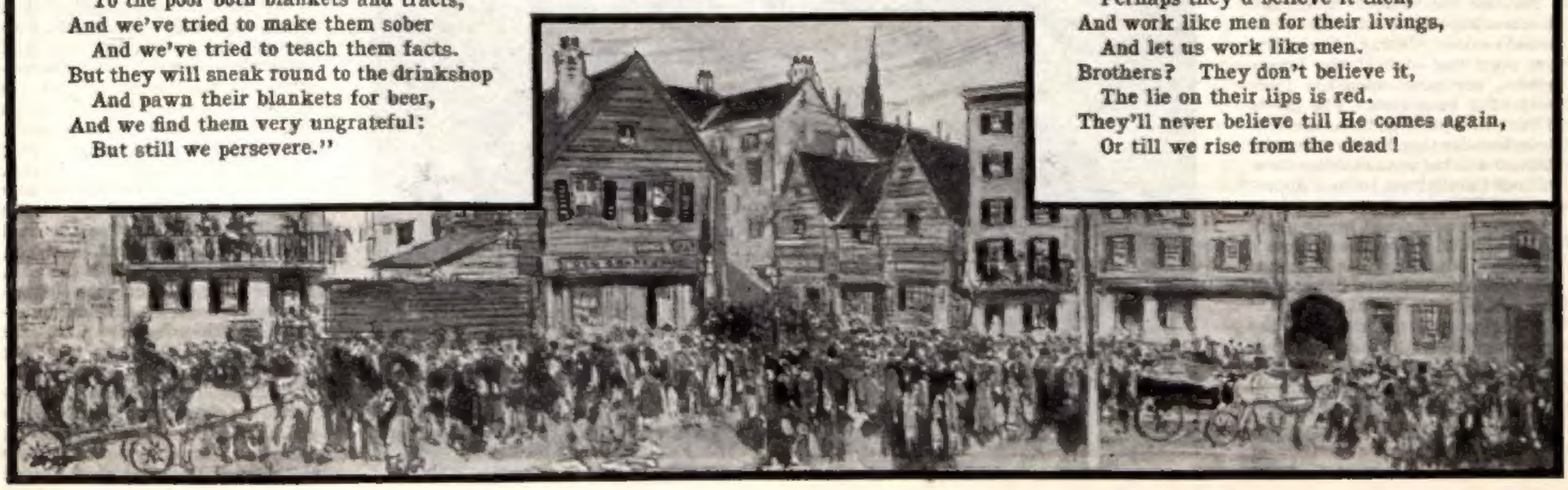
Then some of the rich would be sorry,
And all would be very scared,
And they'd say, "But we never knew, Lord!"
And He'd say, "You never cared!"
And some would be sick and shameful
Because they'd know that they knew,
And the best would say, "We were wrong, Lord.
Now tell us what to do!"

I think He'd be sitting, likely,
For some one 'ud bring Him a chair,
With a common kid cuddled up on His knee
And the common sun on His hair;
And they'd be standing before Him,
And He'd say, "You know that you knew.
Why haven't you worked for your brothers
The same as I've worked for you?

"For since you're all of you brothers,
It's clear as God's blessed sun
That each must work for the others,
Not thousands work for one.
And the ones that have lived long-idle,
If they want Me to hear them pray,
Let them go and work for their livings
The only honest way!

"I've got nothing new to tell you.
You know what I always said—
But you've built their bones into churches
And stolen their daily bread;
You, with My name on your foreheads,
Liar, and traitor, and knave,
You have lived by the death of your brothers:
These whom I died to save!"

I wish He would come and say it;
Perhaps they'd believe it then,
And work like men for their livings,
And let us work like men.
Brothers? They don't believe it,
The lie on their lips is red.
They'll never believe till He comes again,
Or till we rise from the dead!



The Glutton of the Great Snow

Her Keen Nose Speedily Told Her Just Where the Treasure was Hidden

By Charles G. D. Roberts

NORTHWARD interminably, and beneath a whitish, desolate sky, stretched the white, empty leagues of snow, unbroken by rock or tree or hill, to the straight, menacing horizon. Green-black, and splotched with snow that clung here and there upon their branches, along the southward limits of the barren crowded down the serried ranks of the ancient fir forest. Endlessly baffled, but endlessly unconquered, the hosts of the firs thrust out their grim spire-topped vanguards, at intervals, into the hostile vacancy of the barren. Between these dark vanguards, long, silent aisles of whiteness led back and gently upward into the heart of the forest.

Out across one of these pale corridors of silence came moving very deliberately a dark, squat shape with blunt muzzle close to the snow. Its keen, fierce eyes and keener nostrils were scrutinizing the white surface for the scent or trail of some other forest wanderer. Conscious of power, in spite of its comparatively small stature—much less than that of wolf or lynx, or even of the fox—it made no effort to conceal its movements, disguise its track or keep watch for possible enemies. Stronger than any other beast of thrice its size, as cunning as the wisest of the foxes, and of a dogged, savage temper well known to all the kindred of the wild, it seemed to feel secure from ill-considered interference.

Less than three feet in length, but of peculiarly massive build, this dark, ominous-looking animal walked flat-footed, like a bear, and with a surly heaviness worthy of a bear's stature. Its fur, coarse and long, was of a sooty gray-brown, streaked coarsely down each flank with a broad yellowish splash meeting over the hind quarters. Its powerful, heavy-clawed feet were black. Its short muzzle and massive jaw, and its broad face up to just above the eyes, where the fur came down thickly, were black also. The eyes themselves, peering out beneath overhanging brows, gleamed with a mixture of sullen intelligence and implacable savagery. In its slow, forbidding strength, and in its tameless reserve, which yet held the capacity for outbursts of ungovernable rage, this strange beast seemed to incarnate the very spirit of the bitter and indomitable North. Its name was various, for hunters called it sometimes wolverene, sometimes carcajou, but oftener "Glutton," or "Injun Devil."

Through the voiceless desolation the carcajou—it was a female—continued her leisurely way. Presently, just upon the edge of the forest-growth, she came upon the fresh track of a huge lynx. The prints of the lynx's great pads were several times broader than her own, but she stopped and began to examine them without the slightest trace of apprehension. For some reason best known to herself, she at length made up her mind to pursue the stranger's back trail, concerning herself rather with what he had been doing than with what he was about to do.

Plunging into the gloom of the firs, where the trail led over a snow-covered chaos of boulders and tangled windfalls, she came presently to a spot where the snow was disturbed and scratched. Her eyes sparkled greedily. There were spatters of blood about the place, and she realized that here the lynx had buried, for a future meal, the remnant of his kill.

Her keen nose speedily told her just where the treasure was hidden, and she fell to digging furiously with her short, powerful forepaws. It was a bitter and lean season, and the lynx, after eating his fill, had taken care to bury the remnant deep. The carcajou burrowed down till only the tip of her dingy tail was visible before she found the object of her search. It proved to be nothing but one hind quarter of a little blue fox. Angrily she dragged it forth and bolted it in a twinkling, crunching the slim bone between her powerful jaws. It was but a morsel to such a hunger as hers. Licking her chops, and passing her black paws hurriedly over her face, as a cat does, she forsook the trail of the lynx and wandered on deeper into the soundless gloom. Several rabbit-tracks she crossed, and here and there the dainty trail of a ptarmigan, or the small, sequential dots of a weasel's foot. But a single glance or passing twitch of her nostril told her these were all old, and she vouchsafed them no attention. It was not till she had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile through the fir-glooms that she came upon a trail which caused her to halt.

It was the one trail, this, among all the tracks that traversed the great snow, which could cause her a moment's perturbation. For the trail of the wolf-pack she had small concern—for the hungriest wolves could never climb a tree. But this was the broad snowshoe trail, which she knew was made by a creature even more crafty than herself. She glanced about keenly, peering under the trees—because one could never judge, merely by the direction of the trail, where one of those dangerous creatures was going. She stood almost erect on her haunches and sniffed the air for the slightest taint of danger. Then she sniffed at the tracks. The man-smell was strong upon them, and comparatively, but not dangerously, fresh. Reassured on this point, she decided to follow the man and find out what he was doing. It was only when she did not know what he was about that she so dreaded him. Given the opportunity to watch him unseen, she was willing enough to pit her cunning against his, and to rob him as audaciously as she would rob any of the wilderness kindreds.

Hunting over a wide range as she did, the carcajou was unaware till now that a man had come upon her range that winter. To her experience a man meant a hunter—and—trapper, with emphasis distinctly upon the trapper. The man's gun she feared—but his traps she feared not at all. Indeed, she regarded them rather with distinct favor, and was ready to profit by them at the first opportunity. Having only strength and cunning, but no speed to rely upon, she had learned that traps could catch all kinds of swift creatures, and hold them inexorably. She had learned, too, that there was usually a succession of traps and snares set along a man's trail. It was with some exciting expectation, now, that she applied herself to following this trail.

Within a short distance the track brought her to a patch of trampled snow, with tiny bits of frozen fish scattered about. She knew at once that somewhere in this disturbed area a trap was hidden, close to the surface. Stepping warily, in a circle, she picked up and devoured the smallest scraps. Near the centre lay a fragment of tempting size; but she cunningly guessed that close beside that morsel would be the hiding-place of the trap. Slowly she closed in upon it, her nose close to the snow, sniffing with cautious discrimination. Suddenly she stopped short. Through the snow she had detected the man-smell, and the smell of steel, mingling with the savor of the dried fish. Here, but a little to one side, she began to dig, and promptly uncovered a light chain. Following this she came presently to the trap itself, which she cautiously laid bare. Then, without misgiving, she ate the big piece of fish. Both her curiosity and her hunger, however, were still far from satisfied, so she again took up the trail.

The next trap she came to was an open snare—a noose of bright wire suspended near the head of a cunningly constructed alley of fir branches, leading up to the foot of a big hemlock. Just behind this noose, and hardly to be reached save through the noose, the bait had evidently been fixed. But the carcajou saw that some one little less cunning than herself had been before her. Such a snare would have caught the fierce, but rather stupid, lynx; but a fox had been the first arrival. She saw his tracks. He had carefully investigated the alley of fir branches from the outside. Then he had broken through it behind the noose, and safely made off with the bait. Rather contemptuously the old wolverene went on. She did not understand this kind of trap, so she discreetly refrained from meddling with it.

Fully a quarter mile she had to go before she came to another; but here she found things altogether different and more interesting. As she came softly around a great snow-draped

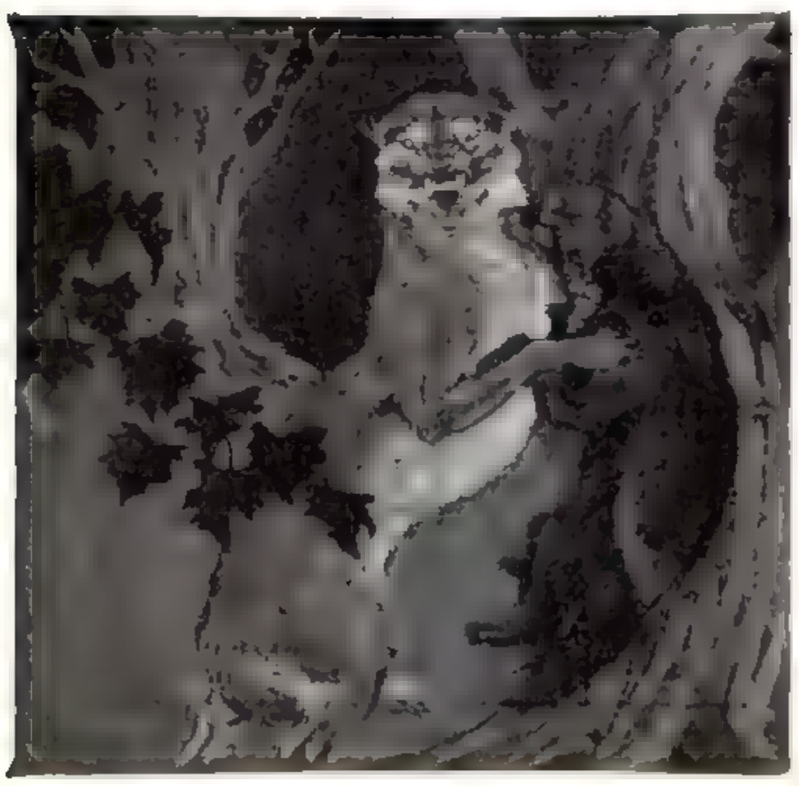
Prowling Slowly and Tirelessly, Without Effort, Around and Around the Excited Prisoner

boulder there was a snarl, a sharp rattle of steel, and a thud. She shrank back swiftly, just beyond reach of the claws of a big lynx. The lynx had been ahead of her in discovering the trap, and with the stupidity of his tribe had got caught in it. The inexorable steel jaws had him fast by the left foreleg. He had heard the almost soundless approach of the strange prowler, and, mad with pain and rage, had sprung to the attack without waiting to see the nature of his antagonist.

Keeping just beyond the range of his hampered leap, the carcajou now crept slowly around the raging and snarling captive, who kept pouncing at her in futile fury every other moment. Though his superior in sheer strength, she was much smaller and lighter than he, and less murderously armed for combat; and she dreaded the raking, eviscerating clutch of his terrible hinder claws. In defense of her burrow and her litter, she would have tackled him without hesitation; but her sharp teeth and bulldog jaw, however efficient, would not avail, in such a combat, to save her from getting ripped almost to ribbons. She was far too sagacious to enter upon any such struggle unnecessarily. Prowling slowly and tirelessly, without effort, around and around the excited prisoner, she trusted to wear him out and then take him at some deadly disadvantage.

Weighted with the trap, and not wise enough to refrain from wasting his strength in vain struggles, the lynx was strenuously playing his cunning antagonist's game, when a sound came floating on the still air which made them both instantly rigid. It was a long, thin, wavering cry that died off with indescribable melancholy in its cadence. The lynx crouched, with eyes dilating, and listened with terrible intentness. The carcajou, equally interested but not terrified, stood erect, ears, eyes and nose alike directed to finding out more about that ominous voice. Again and again it was repeated, swiftly coming nearer; and presently it resolved itself into a chorus of voices. The lynx made several convulsive bounds, wrenching desperately to free his imprisoned limb; then, recognizing the inevitable, he crouched again, shuddering but dangerous, his tufted ears flattened upon his back, his eyes flickering green, every tooth and claw bared for the last battle. But the carcajou merely stiffened up her fur, in a rage at the prospective interruption of her hunting. She knew well that the dreadful, melancholy cry was the voice of the wolf-pack. But the wolves were not on *her* trail, that she was sure of; and possibly they might pass at a harmless distance, and not discover her or her quarry.

The listeners were not kept long in suspense. The pack, as it chanced, was on the trail of a moose which, laboring



It was a Deadly Grip

heavily in the deep snow, had passed, at a distance of some thirty or forty yards, a few minutes before the carcajou's arrival. The wolves swept into view through the tall fir trunks—five in number, and running so close that a tablecloth might have covered them. They knew by the trail that the quarry must be near, and, urged on by the fierce thrust of their hunger, they were not looking to right or left. They were almost past, and the lynx was beginning to take heart again, when, out of the tail of his eye, the pack-leader detected something unusual on the snow near the foot of the big rock. One fair look explained it all to him. With an exultant yelp he turned, and the pack swept down upon the prisoner; while the carcajou, bursting with indignation, slipped up the nearest tree.

The captive was not abject, but game to the last tough fibre. All fangs and rending claws, with a screech and a bound he met the onslaught of the pack; and, for all the hideous handicap of that thing of iron on his leg, he gave a good account of himself. For a minute or two the wolves and their victim formed one yelling, yelping heap. When it disentangled itself, three of the wolves were badly torn, and one had the whole side of his face laid open. But in a few minutes there was nothing left of the unfortunate lynx but a few of the heavier bones to which the pack might return later—and the scrap of fur and flesh that was held in the jaws of the trap.

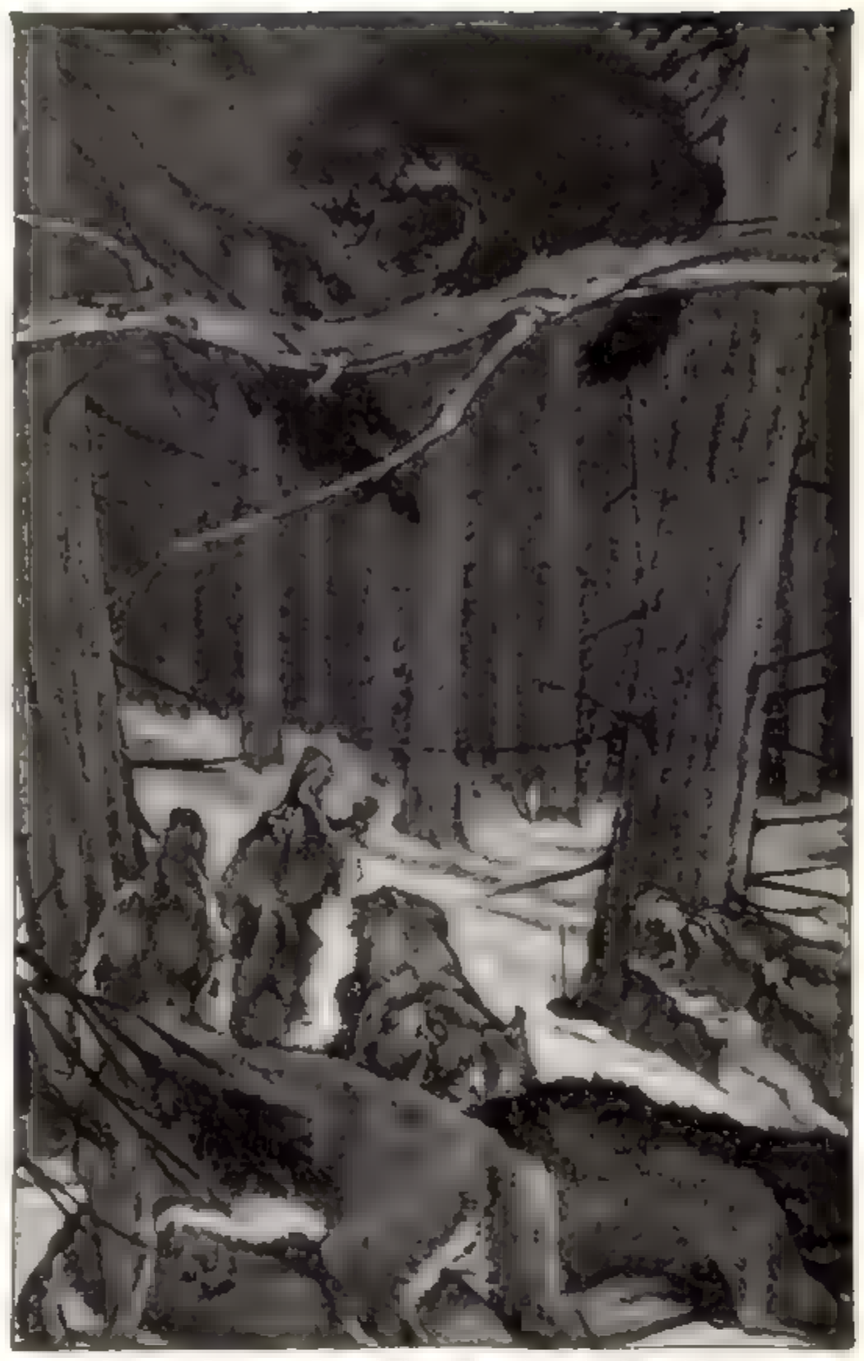
As the carcajou saw her prospective meal disappearing, her rage became almost uncontrollable, and she crept down the tree-trunk as if she would fling herself upon the pack. The leader sprang at her, leaping as high as he could against the trunk; and she, barely out of reach of his clashing, bloody fangs, snapped back at him with a vicious growl, trying to catch the tip of his nose. Failing in this, she struck at him like lightning with her powerful claws, raking his muzzle so severely that he fell back with a startled yelp. A moment later the whole pack, their famine still unsatisfied, swept off again upon the trail of the moose. The carcajou came down, sniffed angrily at the clean bones which had been cracked for their marrow, then hurried off on the track of the wolves.

CHAPTER II

MEANWHILE, it had chanced that the man on snowshoes, fetching a wide circle that would bring the end of his line of traps back nearly to his cabin, had come suddenly face to face with the fleeing moose. Worn out with the terror of his flight and the heart-breaking effort of floundering through the heavy snow—which was, nevertheless, hard enough, on the surface, to bear up his light-footed pursuers—the great beast was near his last gasp. At sight of the man before him, more to be dreaded even than the savage foe behind him, he snorted wildly and plunged off to one side. But the man, borne up upon his snowshoes, overtook him in a moment, and, suddenly stooping forward, drew his long hunting-knife across the gasping throat. The snow about grew crimson instantly, and the huge beast sank with a shudder.

The trapper knew that a moose so driven must have had enemies on its trail, and he knew also that no enemies but wolves, or another hunter, could have driven the moose to such a flight. There was no other hunter ranging within twenty miles of him. Therefore, it was wolves. He had no weapon with him but his knife and his light axe, because his rifle was apt to be a useless burden in winter, when he had always traps or pelts to carry. And it was rash for one man, without his gun, to rob a wolf-pack of its kill! But the trapper wanted fresh moose-meat. Hastily and skillfully he began to cut from the carcass the choicest portions of haunch and loin. He had no more than fairly got to work when the far-off cry of the pack sounded on his expectant ears. He labored furiously as the voices drew nearer. The interruption of the lynx he understood, in a measure, by the noises that reached him; but when the pack came hot on the trail again he knew it was time to get away. He must retreat promptly, but not be seen retreating. Bearing with him such cuts as he had been able to secure, he made off in the direction of his cabin. But at a distance of about two hundred yards he stepped into a thicket at the base of a huge hemlock, and turned to see what the wolves would do when they found they had been forestalled. As he turned, the wolves appeared, and swept down upon the body of the moose. But within a couple of paces of it they stopped short, with a snarl of suspicion, and drew back hastily. The tracks and the scent of their arch-enemy, man, were all about the carcass. His handiwork—his clean cutting—was evident upon it. Their first impulse was toward caution. Suspecting a trap, they circled warily about the body. Then, reassured, their rage blazed up. Their own quarry had been killed before them, their own hunting insolently crossed. However, it was man, the ever-insolent overlord, who had done it. He had taken toll as he would, and withdrawn when he would. They did not quite dare to follow and seek vengeance. So in a few moments their wrath had simmered down; and they fell savagely upon the yet warm feast.

The trapper watched them from his hiding-place, not wishing to risk attracting their attention before they had quite gorged themselves. He knew there would be plenty of good meat left, even then; and that they would at length proceed to bury it for future use. Then he could dig it up again, take what remained clean and unmauled, and leave the rest to its lawful owners; and all without unnecessary trouble.



Creeping Out upon One of Those Branches, She Glared Down Maliciously upon Her Foes

As he watched the banqueting pack, he was suddenly conscious of a movement in the branches of a fir a little beyond them. Then his quick eye, keener in discrimination than that of any wolf, detected the sturdy figure of a large wolverene making its way from tree to tree at a safe distance above the snow, intent upon the wolves. What one carcajou—"Glutton," he called it—could hope, for all its cunning, to accomplish against five big timber-wolves, he could not imagine. Hating the "Glutton," as all trappers do, he wished most earnestly that it might slip on its branch and fall down before the fangs of the pack.

There was no smallest danger of the wary carcajou doing anything of the sort. Every faculty was on the alert to avenge herself on the wolves who had robbed her of her destined prey. Most of the other creatures of the wild she despised, but the wolves she also hated, because she felt herself constrained to yield them way. She crawled carefully from tree to tree, till at last she gained one whose lower branches spread directly over the carcass of the moose. Creeping out upon one of those branches, she glared down maliciously upon her foes. Observing her, two of the wolves desisted long enough from their feasting to leap up at her with fiercely gnashing teeth. But finding her out of reach, and scornfully unmoved by their futile demonstrations, they gave it up and fell again to their ravenous feasting.

The wolverene is a big cousin to the weasel, and also to the skunk. The ferocity of the weasel it shares, and the weasel's dauntless courage. Its kinship to the skunk is attested by the possession of a gland which secretes an oil of peculiarly potent malodor. The smell of this oil is not so overpowering, so pungently strangulating, as that emitted by the skunk; but all the wild creatures find it irresistibly disgusting. No matter how pinched and racked by famine they may be, not one of them will touch a morsel of meat which a wolverene has defiled ever so slightly. The wolverene itself, however, by no means shares this general prejudice.

When the carcajou had glared down upon the wolves for several minutes, she ejected the contents of her oil-gland all over the body of the moose, impartially treating her foes to a portion of the nauseating fluid. With coughing, and sneezing, and furious yelping, the wolves bounded away, and began rolling and burrowing in the snow. They could not rid themselves at once of the dreadful odor; but, presently recovering their self-possession, and resolutely ignoring the polluted meat, they ranged themselves in a circle around the tree at a safe distance, and snapped their long jaws vengefully at their

(Continued on Page 31)

THE WORKINGMAN'S WIFE

THE MINER'S WIFE

By Martha S. Bensley

"YIS," said Mrs. Haley, "everybody's trouble comes to them different. Sometimes it's your man drinks and sometimes he gits kilt in the shaft, and, if the children don't die, they got to work in the 'breaker.'" Mrs. Haley's husband had been a coal miner in a little town near Scranton, and trouble had come to her disguised as accident. It was her sister who told me about it.

"Poor Mary, she got it harder than she deserved," she said. "Ain't you heard about it? Only last week 'twas, an' Mike workin' in a new shaft, the only man in it, blastin' along by hisself. Dan, his brother that's the boss, knew Mike had a good thing, so he just left him alone. Twict Dan passed the end of the shaft and it was all quiet, so he thought Mike was workin' good. But the third time he sung out to him, and there wasn't no answer, so he went in. Well, you see it was a new shaft and they hadn't got thim ventilators workin' in it well yet, and o' course the gas had got there in the night. Dan found him layin' over against the timbers at the side of the shaft. The gas had exploded whin the blast went off, and pretty near burned him half up. *Aw, no*, it wasn't the company's fault. It was the ventilators not workin' and the gas comin' in. Mary, she wondered what Mike had done with his pay, and she wint up to the company and found he'd deposited fifty dollars in the office the day before. Oh, yis, the company does a great thing by the men. It lets 'em put their savings back into the mine and pays 'em six per cent. interest on it, so that most o' the men has somethin' comin' to 'em. No, they can't take it out till the end o' the year, but ain't it the fine thing to have money in the company!"

Mrs. Haley never thought of holding the company responsible for Mike's death. It never occurred to her that it was a crime to allow explosive gas to collect in the shaft, or that it was anything but an act of generosity for the various mining companies to receive back into their own hands as much as possible of the five million dollars which they paid in cash each month to the miners. This disinclination to lay any sort of blame upon the company I found to be very general among the better class of miners' wives. Their husbands may question the wage scale or the quality of the blasting powder, but the women accept the acts of the company stolidly, as parts of the order of Nature.

Just Nobody's Fault

THIS, too, was the attitude of Mrs. Lloyd, a pretty little Welsh woman, as she sat beside her spotless kitchen table and told me how trouble had come to her. Her bright, black eyes filled occasionally and her black hair fell in little ringlets about her flushed cheeks as she talked. "No, it had not been the company's fault nor Lloyd's either. Just nobody's fault. It was a new kind o' spills—them with sulphur in. What are spills?—Oh, like in this box, to light the powder with. You see, he drills into the coal and fills the hole with powder. Then he sticks one end of the 'spill' into it, lights the other end and runs away till it goes off and blows out the coal. No, there ain't so much danger, but Lloyd, he was usin' that new kind o' spills and he didn't know it took 'em longer to burn up. Well, he waited till he thought it'd gone out; then he went back to look, and just as he got in front of it, it went off, an'——" Poor Mrs. Lloyd had to put her hands before her eyes.

"No," she went on after a moment, "his 'benefit' was only a hundred dollars—just enough to bury him. There wasn't none of it left. It wasn't the company's fault—they would 'a' buried him for me. It was just nobody's fault."

After her husband's death, Mrs. Lloyd had had to look to her children for support. The eldest of these was her nineteen-year-old daughter Annie. "She's workin' nights in the silk mill, and I hate to have her do it," said Mrs. Lloyd. "It's cruel hard to see a girl goin' away at half-past six an' workin' all night long till half-past six in the mornin'. But she has half an hour off at twelve, and she's makin' *lovely* money—seven dollars for only five nights a week. But, then, if her father 'ad a-been alive, she wouldn't 'a' had to done it."

Annie was a pale, anæmic girl, with not half the vitality of her mother. "Yes, I've been workin' in the mill since I was twelve," she told me. "I know all about the silk mill. I ain't doin' this night work because I like it, but I just had to earn more money so's to have some clothes."

The Generous Company

"I CAN'T bear to have her do it," lamented her mother. "She's as white as a sheet all the time and she has fainting spells. I'm scared about her, but keep a-doctorin' her up with whisky, and that seems to help her. If her father had a-lived ——"

"It ain't easy work," the girl agreed. "But"—and she brightened at the thought—"do you know what the company does? Why, if you work in the mill you kin git silk for just what the manufacturers makes it. I got a silk dress there two years ago. How much was it you paid for it, Ma? Wasn't it seventeen dollars?"

"My, no, Annie!"

"Well, it was nearly that, anyway. But it didn't wear long—all went to pieces, like rotten. But you know now," she added, turning to me, "where you kin git a silk dress cheap if you want it. I kin git it for you at the factory as if it was for me."

Working in the mills from her twelfth year, standing all night at her machine, keeping up her strength on whisky, what chance for a decent or happy life had nineteen-year-old Annie Lloyd?

During our talk, Mrs. Lloyd's eldest son, William, a tall, thin lad of seventeen, with a frank, pleasant face and a soft voice, lounged in the corner on the sofa.

"If his father had a-lived William wouldn't be workin' so, either, doin' th' outside work," his mother said. "What is outside work? Why, it's all the work that ain't down in the mine. It's work in the 'breaker' and shovin' the cars around. William, he's doin' a man's work for a boy's pay. He gits $1.38 a day, and, whin they have to put a man on in his place, they have to pay him $1.60. William, he ain't got his strength yet, and it looks like he'd be all wore out before he gits it. He has to just run around all day shovin' them heavy cars. He wears out a pair o' shoes every week an' most always he has to take off a day besides. Indeed, last month he got crushed in between two heavy cars and had to lie in bed five days and have the doctor. But medicine ain't much good when it's rest you need. Oh, the work's just killin' him!"

I asked the boy if he could not get an easier job

"Well," he answered, "I did go to the boss, but he said if I didn't go out nights I wouldn't find this work too hard in the daytime. I said I didn't go out nights, but he didn't believe me."

"Indeed an' he don't," the mother agreed vociferously. "The boy never has no ambition to go out after he once gits home—he don't even git out Sundays."

"Have you ever thought of working on a farm?" I asked him.

"I ain't never seen a farm," he laughed.

"Well," I persisted, "usually they give you good food and a good place to sleep, and I think a summer in the open air would do you good."

"Do you think I'd get fat on a farm?" he asked, looking at his thin hands.

As a matter of fact, it is easier to change the conditions of mine work than to uproot the mine workers. They begin sorting slate from the coal in the "breaker" before they are fourteen, trooping home, negro-black with the coal dust, except for little white lines about their mouths and under their eyes. The pay of the boys is about half what the ordinary laborer receives, and yet the whole output of the mine depends on their work. Once when they decided to take a day off—some legal holiday that the company had refused to give them—all the skilled miners, all their helpers, all the machinery, had to be stopped. Thousands of men were made idle because the "breaker" boys refused to work.

With Mrs. Davies, the wife of the mine "boss," I walked through the streets of one of the towns where ninety per cent. of the men work in the mines. There were no sidewalks, only cinder paths along the edges of the unpaved streets in which the black mud lay a foot deep. At some of the crossings ashes had been sprinkled over this quaking mass, and, as we walked across, it swayed up and down like "rubber" ice. Mrs. Davies' home was one of a row of gingerbread houses. Its gay paint was grimed over with coal dust and the elaborate scroll ornamentation was a good deal out of repair—but it was enshrined in Mrs. Davies' heart. She showed me over the house, and I have never seen a more spotlessly neat place. There was no dirt, no dust, and little disorder.

Their Measure of Prosperity

MRS. DAVIES told me that she had "worked out" before her marriage, but that now it took all her time to take care of the house and the children. Her husband's brother, John, lives with them and together they are buying a piano on the installment plan.

With Mrs. Davies I visited the wife of her uncle, a retired miner, who is now keeping a grocery store. The family lived above the store and seemed to be prosperous. I sat on a cracker-box and talked with Mrs. Jenkin.

"My husband ain't satisfied not to work in the mine," said Mrs. Jenkin. "Of course, he makes more money in the grocery store, an' it's easier work, but it ain't so exciting and you don't see nothin' of the men. And then on pay-day he used allers to be glad and have a good time. But now he has to go around and get the money from the men that they owe him, so he hates it worse than any other day in the week. Oh, yes, we done well. We got money invested. Do you come from New York? You ever been

to Brooklyn? Well, we've bought six lots there, where the tunnel's comin' through."

"That ought to be a good investment," I told her.

"That's what we bought it for," she answered.

The Jenkins have nine grown-up children, only one of whom was working in the mines. He came into the store while I was talking to his mother—a fine, sturdy fellow of about twenty-five or six, and already a mine "boss" in one of the smaller collieries. Another son (who was cashier in one of the banks) also came in, and he told me something about the financial standing of the various classes of miners. To him only the people who did not speak English were foreigners, and of these he considered only the Lithuanians as decent, thrifty people. They save their money, he told me, while the rest spend it in drink as fast as it comes in.

The Line of Demarcation

IT WAS Mrs. Jenkin who put definitely before me the two great social classes into which the miners' families are divided.

"There is that Polack family down beyond us. I've been in to see the woman several times," she said. "Yes, she's a clean woman—good, too, and she sends her children to school. She talks some English. She ain't like the rest of 'em. I wouldn't be goin' into none of their places."

And from this I inferred that the places into which Mrs. Jenkin would not be going represent depths of social degradation—the homes of the great non-English-speaking multitudes—Poles, Lithuanians, Russians, Hungarians and Italians.

I saw a miner's wife of this lower social class, Marie Wallewsky—a young Polish woman seated in front of me in the train with her newly-wedded husband. He had been in the mines long enough to earn money to send for her, and they had just been married at Ellis Island. The girl was not pretty, according to our ideas. Her eyes and jaws were too heavy, her wrists too thick, her hands too clumsy. But she had the beauty of perfect cleanliness, and there were quantities of dull, blond hair in the close-pinned braids at the back of her neck.

Her husband was certainly not a model of the attentive bridegroom. When she spoke to him, sometimes he answered and sometimes he did not. But the girl seemed to take this indifference for granted. She looked anxiously out of the window, however, at the region which was to be her new home. The train climbed up and up from ridge to ridge, and over barren rocks with a few trees straggling upon them. It swung through tiny passes and went deep down into narrow valleys, past great culm-piles that stood black against the sky. It rose out of these valleys to other hills and down again into other barren valleys. It was a country of desolation and death, not a region that God ever made; and how it came to be is an unexplainable mystery. As the train went on, the culm-piles grew higher, the breakers more menacing. Skeletons of trees stood out against the sky like the masts of wrecked ships, the streams were yellow with sulphur, red with earth, or black with the grime of coal. As we neared Mahanoy City a merciful rain began to shut out from the eyes of the bride, first the distant culm-piles, then the nearer breakers, the coal-strewn earth, the holes where the mines had caved in, the foul streams, leaving at last nothing for her to see but the drops dashing against the window-panes.

The Better Feelings have had Little Chance to Develop in These Slav Women

Marie Wallewsky had met her husband in Poland, but every year more and more of the foreign workmen marry women already in this country. They have a curious custom in picking out their wives. Late Saturday afternoon the young men stand in rows on the edge of the sidewalk in certain busy places in the towns. I saw one group of perhaps two hundred of them. Their backs were toward the street, and they intently and soberly watched the procession of girls who passed them on their way home from work. Their attitude was a perfectly respectful one. They made no remarks and there was little laughter. The girls did not resent this inspection nor seem especially self-conscious. Occasionally, one of the young men stepped forward from the waiting row and slouched along beside a girl. This action she accepted as a perfectly conventional form of introduction, and she received her lover courteously as they walked along together.

To exactly what home, I wondered, was Wallewsky taking his bride? As an unmarried man he had probably been living in a company lodging-house—a great, ramshackle, wooden building, sometimes as many as five or six stories high, with a common kitchen which is also parlor, dining-room and living-room. Here the men lounge in the evenings, drink, fight and tell stories. Sometimes, when a man marries, the scarcity of houses forces him to bring his wife into one of these lodging-houses; but he does not do this if he can avoid it—he knows that it is not a safe place for any young woman.

If, however, the husband has been fortunate enough to secure one of the houses built by the company for its employees, things would go better with them. Even these are usually miserable, six-room affairs, with plumbing of a purely transitory character—ephemeral pipes, traps and bowls—"near-plumbing," not even warranted to be as good as the genuine. The company charges six dollars and a half a month rent for them, although they are miserably unpainted, gloomy and dropping to pieces. Still, they are a blessing to the young bride who succeeds in getting one of them.

As Marie Wallewsky sat there at the car window I hoped she could not see into the future; that she could not realize that one out of every three of her children would die before it was five years old, and that, like Mrs. Lloyd, she would probably send her boys to work in the "breaker" when they were twelve years old, and her daughters into the silk mill or button factory before they were fourteen years old.

Possibly, however, such prevision would not have grieved her. The Slav mothers of the region seem to value their children chiefly from the economic standpoint. They say that it costs about eight dollars a year to bring up a child until it is five years old, when it can begin to help earn its own living; by the time it is ten it is ready to aid in the support of the family, so that a child of five or over has a cash value of forty dollars. And because the attitude of these mothers toward their children is an economic one, they treat them with an ignorant brutality which increases the already high death-rate caused by unsanitary housing till it reaches thirty-six per cent., and leaves among the sturdy ones who survive many half blind or disfigured through abuse for life.

"I was over at the priest's house one day," an insurance man said to me, "when a fellow rushed in and telephoned for the doctor. Well, the priest grabbed up some cotton and bandages and ran to the house, and I with him. We found that a four-year-old child had been playing with a dynamite cap that had exploded and blown off the tips of the thumb and two fingers. The mother was crying and taking on, but she hadn't bandaged the child's hand, nor even washed the blood off. Well, the priest washed the hand, and he put cotton on it and a white bandage, and tied a rope around the arm to stop the bleeding

"The kid had lost so much blood that he was sort of half-conscious, and the mother thought he was going to sleep; and as soon as she saw that white bandage she thought everything was all right, and didn't want the doctor. We just had to fight to get him in when he came.

"No, these women don't care much about their children. There was another kid that got hurt so badly that the people thought he wouldn't get well, and they left him lying there four days, waiting for him to die, so's they wouldn't have to pay the doctor's bill. They're not likely, even, to call a priest when a child dies. In fact, if we didn't watch them closely they'd bury the children in the ash-piles or somewhere else on their own premises."

It was Just Nobody's Fault

Of course the children who survive this treatment must be strong. I visited one of the schools where the scholars were all children of Slav miners. They were a healthy, hearty-looking crowd, fairly clean and more intelligent than was to be expected from their heredity. These children must play in the streets, for the houses of these little mining towns are crowded as closely together as in the city slums, and the streets are in far worse condition than any city streets. But they splatter through the sticky mud and play "pat-a-cake" in the edges of the stagnant ponds. They seat themselves confidingly on the edges of broken drain pipes, run about under the breakers, where the coal may drop down on their heads, and peer intrepidly through holes in boarding which covers mines seven hundred feet deep.

I wondered if Marie Wallewsky would become as heartless about her husband as are most of the Slav women. They have, of course, a certain animal affection, but it does not seem to survive the man's power to support them.

The Useless Dead

"IT'S an awful thing to see the women when some one is hurt in the mine," a minister told me. "Of course, nobody knows who it is, because you can't more than half pronounce their names. A doctor goes down into the mine, but it is so dark and dirty that he can't do much, unless it is a burn. Then he just soaks the man with oil and covers him up. And the women—well, they crowd about the shaft, and all the children with them, and each one thinks it's her man that is hurt, but nobody knows. And they all scream and yell together till the car that he has been put on comes up. Sometimes they have to wait a long time, for all the loaded cars that are ahead of him have to come up first. And when he does come—oh, it is an awful thing to hear the women till they find out who he is! They crowd around and scream, and yet sometimes when a woman finds it is her husband, and that he is dead, she will turn away and say: 'Dead man; no good.' If he is simply a lodger, the woman is almost sure to bar the door against him if he is hurt, or against his body if he is dead. This she will sometimes do, even if the man is her husband. But then we simply batter in the door and put him inside."

The better feelings have had little chance to develop in these Slav women. They have almost no pleasures, and those they have are of the lowest kind. Their greatest festivities are weddings and christenings, and often the wedding and the christening come at the same time. The people crowd into a hall over a saloon early in the evening for a heavy supper and plenty to drink. When they have eaten all they can they begin to whirl round and round in the old three-step waltzes, and dance many fantastic figures, nameless in this country, to the choruses of old folk-songs. All night the eating and drinking and dancing go on, and usually all the next day and for two days to come.

This being their greatest opportunity for displaying clothes, the women are usually dressed in all the finery they can boast. But taste is a thing quite foreign to the Slav woman. In fact, she has little reason to exercise it, for her husband selects her clothes, even to her hats. Among the older women there is a tendency to keep to the "old country" skirt of red, blue or green, reaching only to the shoetops and full all the way around. I have seen these older women, while the dancing was going on, seated about the hall in heeless, cloth-top shoes, with handkerchiefs over their heads or around their necks, with heavy pendant earrings, and all sublimely indifferent to the civilizing influence of the corset.

Still some of them have taken avidly, though blindly, to American clothes. I saw one woman at a dance in her Easter finery, which consisted of a skirt of green mottled plush, cut with an unrealized ambition to train at the back, a thin shirtwaist and a pink lace hat, under which her hair was drawn into a little round button at the back.

(Concluded on Page 58)

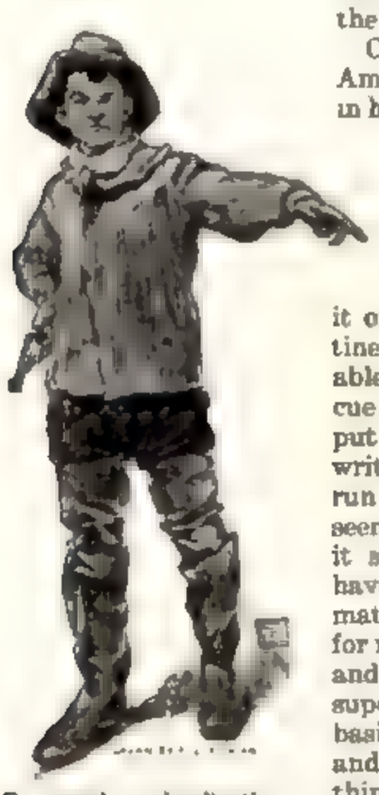
THE ART OF HANDLING MEN

MAKING WORK A GAME

By James H. Collins

WHEN it comes to the purely human element in handling employees there is a wide difference in methods.

Mrs. Ella Rawles Reader, the "woman financier," once conducted a typewriting office in New York, with sixty girls. To insure sympathy she made it a rule to kiss them all the first thing every morning.



Frequently an Application of Fists is Necessary, or a Display of Revolvers

Captain Bill Jones, who was America's greatest steel maker in his day, sometimes started the morning's work by discharging a lot of his bullies and hiring them all over again in the afternoon.

Look at some of the indoor organizations, and it often appears as though routine ran them. When men are able to make reports, take their cue from an authority-chart, and put a grievance into a typewritten statement, things often run so smoothly that personality seems a secondary factor. But it seldom is. Time and again have experts worked out a mathematically accurate system for running a great organization, and set it going under their own supervision on a mathematical basis. It runs until they leave, and then runs down. Everything was there but personality.

A few years ago one of the great Western railroads got a new president. There had been a long period of parsimony and retrenchment. New interests got control. The new executive came on with a reputation for reconstructing neglected transportation properties. But within a year he was out of office. It had been impossible for him to make his administration stand for anything *personal* to employees. Hundreds of brakemen, trackmen, switchmen and clerks, who had never seen him, felt vaguely that something was lacking in the Old Man. The Old Man wasn't a "live wire"; that was all.

Even the mildest tame-cat indoor organization lives largely on the nervous energy of its chief. When it comes to the outdoor organizations—men who cannot write, much less report—the value of sheer personality rises. Famous managers in this field seem to go it blind on vital energy and brute control. Yet even here there is a principle or two worth considering.

Look among the contractors, the builders of bridges, tunnels, dams and skyscrapers, and it will be found that every man on one of their jobs is playing a game. These employers fascinate the mind. They can organize a working force among Bedouins of the desert, and reconcile warring Hindu castes. They can take the thick-skulled African native, who for centuries has had no conception of time, and could not comprehend the purpose of a watch, and interest him in breaking a world record in digging, or in beating some other contractor half-way round the globe. These men make work a game. They can set 10,000 laborers straining to finish a contract a few days ahead of a rival who is often only a figment of the imagination. The job starts off with a "Hurrah!" component that seems to be the best possible cohesive for an organization of elemental men. Frequently an application of fists is necessary, or a display of revolvers. The work is usually the most dirty and disagreeable in the world, and to a high degree dangerous, and seldom any too-well paid. It calls for the sudden organization of great working forces in places where men are scarce or have never learned how to work. Yet the contractor carries on his enterprises with a vim, speed and certainty that make other industrial problems appear mighty small in comparison.

Rushing a Skyscraper Up

THEODORE STARRETT is one of the pioneer skyscraper builders in this country, and credited with a vast amount of steel construction. It is a saying among steel workers that "every floor of a modern skyscraper costs a human life." Records of accidental mortality among steel workers partly bear this out. Starrett has been building skyscrapers for more than twenty years, and has had constantly under him a force varying from one thousand to fifteen thousand men. In all that period his mortality bill will not amount to a dozen lives lost, and for more than ten years he had the record of not a single fatality on one of his jobs.

Men lose their lives in steel construction chiefly through the pressure that is put on them for speed. Every steel construction job is a race. Starrett has been as speedy as the rest in putting up skyscrapers. He holds some world records. But he has been able to make work a game and a race, and still safeguard his men by good management. Steel workers do not always take kindly to safeguards. They are daredevils at heart, and will steal a ride on a girder while the boss' back is turned, straight up 200 feet in the air on a single strand of steel rope. "Beat him to it" is a maxim of this trade, and nothing is an obstacle in a race. A railroad car was derailed and thrown where a wall was to go on one of Starrett's jobs. "Brick it in," said the foreman, and but for the arrival of a railroad wrecking crew the car would have become part of the building. A trainload of brick was sidetracked fifteen miles away and the men halted for lack of material. The railroad company put forward its stereotyped plea of being unable to handle traffic. "Go *to* it," said the foreman. A yard engine was taken away from its crew and that train hauled up on to the job in two hours.

Men Who Lag and Men Who Spurt

STARRETT had the contract for a building in Chicago. Something happened down East, where the steel was to come from. Material was not on hand. Correspondence roused the temper of the steel maker, and he undertook to block Starrett with steel when he did begin to ship it, not so much in anger as by way of a joke—jokes are on a generous scale in this industry. Starrett did not intend to be blocked, however, and said he would handle the material as fast as it came. His liability insurance company heard about it, and notified him that double rates would be charged for insurance on his men on that job. Fourteen stories of skeleton were put up in thirteen and a half days. Not a man was hurt, and the record still stands. Another record was made on a fifteen-story office building in New York—"a little one." It went up from the foundations to the broom on the topmost girder in twenty-six days, counting Sundays and bad weather.

Formerly Starrett worked by the old system, one building at a time, and the job under his own eye. But now he has thirty to forty jobs going simultaneously. Yet his casualties are almost negligible.

Ask him how he does it, and, although he is a Bachelor of Arts, he will tap the nearest wood and say that it is bad luck to talk about good luck. Bad luck means the death of twenty men on a fifteen-story building. What Starrett really has done is extend his system of individual supervision. When he hired and bossed the men himself it was a matter of judgment to pick the most agile and intelligent—it would probably not do to say the most careful in this business, though that might count, too, in a man's care for others, if not for himself. He picked good foremen—not the sort of man who cursed a steel worker from the sixth story and then threw a bolt-keg at him, as is said actually to have happened in the construction of a building where nineteen men lost their lives. To-day Starrett is out of immediate touch with men. But he supervises the selection of foremen, supervises promotion, and keeps up the morale of his organization. When this is maintained, the force can be driven as fast as any other and with safety.

The steel worker is a migratory bird, and the building business unstable. This month ten thousand men are hurrying forward a big industrial plant in the Middle West. Next month they will be scattered to the four winds. A large factor in morale has been organization of work so that steadier employment could be given. Where once no limit of cost was put on haste, and every big building went up on the "skyrocket" plan, now there is a race to save cost. Ten great buildings put up in New York ran fifty per cent. over their first-cost estimate under the old system. Starrett is putting up the United States Express Building, and expects to save a half-million of the estimated first cost. He does it by elimination of overtime work and keeping one gang of men right behind the other on a schedule. Formerly a contractor did eighteen per cent. of construction and sublet eighty-two per cent. to other contractors, who got in one another's way and worked at cross purposes. Now he sublets not much over twenty per cent.

While the city authorities in New York have been trying to agree upon a plan to connect two bridge terminals a mile apart, the energetic contractors have driven fourteen tunnels under the river. Each is a race, and carried on at frightful hazards. M. J. Degnon is putting the Steinway tunnels under the most difficult part of the whole water frontage of Manhattan Island and setting a record that will probably stand for many years in tunneling. He was picked for the job because this tunnel had to be a race for a franchise, and his hundreds of "sand hogs" are playing the game with him.

By a long process of organization and strikes the British workman has become known as the most deliberate mechanic in the world. The British Westinghouse Company sought bids on a sixty-four-acre industrial plant some years ago. English contractors talked in terms of years. Yankee directors in the company called over James Stewart, an American contractor. He put it up in nine months, and said when the job was done that there was plenty of snap in the British workman if he saw snap in his chief. A day's work was from four hundred and fifty to six hundred bricks in England, against two thousand to two thousand seven hundred in this country. Stewart gradually interested his men until nine hundred was a day's work, and then one thousand two hundred, and then one thousand five hundred, and finally one thousand eight hundred for a nine-hour day. Stewart did it by being on the job all the time, by turning the work into a speed game, by paying ten per cent. above the highest union wages. This last weeded out slow workers, and he got two hundred per cent. more work—rather a good investment.

Uncle Sam finally called in the contractor, after his own trial of canal building, as William J. Oliver, the lowest bidder, predicted he would four years ago. Oliver's attitude on the management problem is indicated in his saying that "a contractor is not a contractor until he has lived in contract camps." Charles Jacobs has planned fifteen tunnels running from Manhattan Island. He maintains so close a supervision of men in the six Pennsylvania bores that not one death has occurred among them from "bends," the compressed-air disease.

The Broom at the Stack-Head

A GREAT contractor nowadays has to give more attention to routine, to office work, and to the multiplication of himself through subordinates than was the case a generation ago. But the human personality of the man at the head is always evident, and no pretty little authority-chart, with its wheels and lines, will replace this element.

Work as a game made the steel industry of this country. At the Edgar Thompson Works, belonging to Carnegie, in Braddock, Pennsylvania, an enormous broom was formerly to be seen over one of the furnaces. This broom shifted from stack to stack, and wherever placed indicated that the furnace beneath held the world's record in steel production. By and by other steel plants as far away as Chicago became interested in this little game of solitaire, and set out to break records, too. When a new one was established the figures were telegraphed, and the victorious furnace hoisted a broom. In a few years the game became more important than the candle, and brooms were abolished because they could not be shifted fast enough.

This idea was introduced into the steel industry by Captain Bill Jones, a famous character in the steel country around Pittsburg. Jones was born in Pennsylvania, of Welsh parents, and rose from private to captain in the Civil War. Beginning in Andrew Carnegie's employ at two dollars a day, he was eventually made superintendent of the Braddock plant. In less than four months he had doubled its output with the same equipment. A year later he was making steel six times as fast,

It Took Five Hours to Convince a Datto

and later still he doubled *that* record. His control of men was wonderful. He mixed profanity with quotations from Shakespeare, and would discharge his best workers right and left when in a temper. But the crack steel makers of all that district flocked to Jones.

He had three formulæ for men: 1. They must be young and ambitious and able to make steel in strong but pleasant rivalry. 2. They must have an eight-hour day to keep them fit. 3. To make steel fast and well, he believed, a mixed nationality of workers was essential. Captain Jones lost his life among his men, dying of injuries received in a furnace accident, and a Hungarian laborer was killed alongside him.

To Insure Sympathy, She Made It a Rule to Kiss Them All the First Thing Every Morning

The Erie Railroad has a very interesting little variation of work as a game, which not only puts a premium on efficiency, but upon care. Every month, in a magazine distributed to employees, there appear three tables. The first lists each of the road's twelve divisions according to the number of through passenger trains making schedule time for the month. The second lists the divisions according to efficiency in handling traffic during regular hours, the division charging up least overtime ranking first. The third is a car-damage table. The amount of damage in each terminal yard is given in dollars and number of cars, and it is easy to see how the disgrace of an expensive little freight smashup sits on the whole yard force when its cost is thus published comparatively. This first, second and third way of dealing out blame or credit has a subtle fascination for the mind of man everywhere—it is much the same thing that makes a horse-race fascinating.

This road had another game for points a few years ago, when a veritable epidemic of broken wheel-flanges seemed to have descended on the freight equipment. A very small defect of that sort will cause a derailment, and the trouble is not easily located. But the company set its whole organization on a still hunt for broken flanges. When a man found one, he got a credit mark on his record which might some day weigh against a blunder, together with a personal letter of thanks from his division superintendent. In a little while this epidemic was cured.

Man-Handling in the United States Army

FROM Erie freight yards to the island of Mindanao, in the Philippines, is a long way to go for a suggestion. Mindanao is the great southern Moro stronghold. Spain handed it over to us almost an unknown land, and Uncle Sam found it necessary to cut two roads into its heart, meeting at Lake Lanao. These roads were to be Mindanao civilizers.

Troops landed and started construction. Then the jungle began to be alive with lean, spidery, venomous little Mohammedan men in brilliant clothes. Some shot into the camp in a tentative way. Others lay in the grass for an opportunity to kill a sentry. By and by strong parties began to come in, armed to the teeth. Major R. L. Bullard was detailed to treat with them. Months of time were consumed in palaver, and bushels of bad cigarettes and betel-nut. Finally, a datto here and there would swear friendship, and send a few of his scrawniest boys and slaves to work on this insane road. These toiled an hour, then demanded pay. None had any tradition of work, much less the habit. One gorgeous datto came on to the job with his retainers and fell asleep. A soldier woke him. He took his slaves and vanished, mortally offended.

A chief got a contract. All others had to have one like it, word for word. The slightest difference meant superior recognition of chieftainship, and all were as jealous as so many sopranos. Sections of road were put in charge of dattos. One was left out by error, and, to preserve his dignity, laid out a little independent section of his own and built it without compensation. Major Bullard found no argument so effective as talking about the magnificent work of one datto to several others.

Even the Pick-and-Shovel Man Can Get a Job on an Hour's Notice

The first arrangement was for work by the day. A datto and his people came on to the job and prodded aimlessly with sharp sticks. "Now" meant, to them, "any time to-day." But, during the noon hour, this primitive section gang would work its heart out cutting cordwood by the piece and carrying it a mile on their heads to the quartermaster.

All these little parties clung at first to their dattos. All had murderous enmity for the subjects of every other chief. But acquaintance was bound to spring up, and then the power of the dattos began to weaken, tribal lines to disappear. Some dattos stayed back in the jungle—conservatives. Their people deserted and came to work on the road. Eventually these savages were merged in large gangs, irrespective of tribes or dattoships, and put in long hours under the tropical sun, moved by bugle calls.

Work as a game spurs on not only the savage and the big contract force, but is also the impelling motive with many an indoor force, and many a small one. Salesmanship is a perpetual game. Hundreds of sales forces are busy beating last year's record—beating figures in a book. But back of them there is always a manager of a fine personality.

The salesman is popularly regarded as a brass-bound creature, case-hardened and proof against defeat. But in reality he is often as high-strung as a prima donna. Good salesmanship isn't so very far from good acting. The sales manager knows that his best men will sometimes fall into the dumps, and he is an able captain who can get them out again. Mrs. Reader's plan of kissing the whole staff every morning isn't practicable here. But a good manager will rouse faltering ambition, and take his subordinate's mind off setbacks.

Who believes that a book agent hath organs, dimensions, senses, affections, or that if you cut him he will bleed?

Nobody—absolutely nobody.

The book agent is the Spartan youth of salesmanship. He goes to school to learn how a book is to be sold. He gets his lessons out of a book about that book, which contains every separate objection that the most adroit mind can possibly advance as a reason for not buying it. Opposite each objection is the answer. There are hundreds. The book agent gets them all by heart. "But I have no children," protests the victim. The reply is instant: "Buy it to throw at the cat." A book agent, furthermore, is taught to take pride in selling books that nobody wants. Any one can sell the other kind.

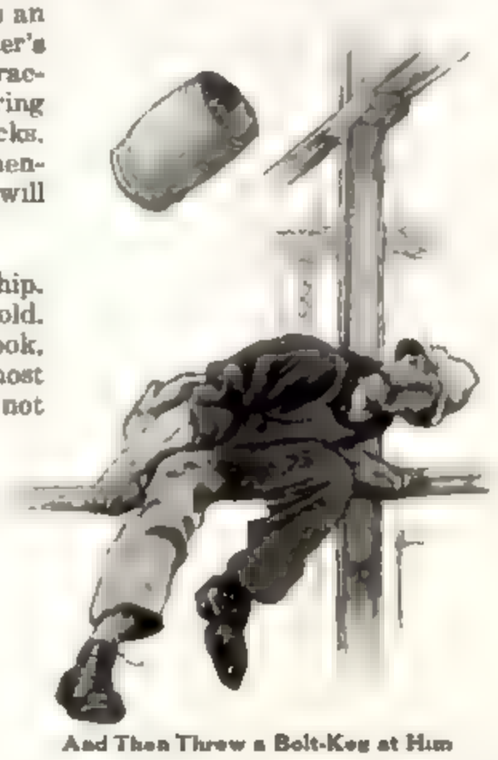
Now, when a phalanx of salesmen like this goes out, it often cuts its way straight across the continent and back. One crew of book canvassers crossed twice from ocean to ocean in three years. And nothing escaped them. But a crew like that could no more work without its manager than without its little lesson. If a force of typewriter girls needs mothering, a crew of book agents needs fathering. The manager is their Dad. He it is who has the sympathy, the appreciation, the encouragement—in a word, personality. He takes care of his team like an expert coach and trainer. He keeps up its ego, interest, vim. And so it is in all good salesmanship. People who have never tried their hands at selling goods imagine that the basis of able selling is brass. But the real basis is nervous energy. It takes a man's blood, drop by drop. There never lived a salesman who could go off for months and sell goods by himself, alone, unsupported. A game is not stimulating, even when you win, unless there is somebody to look on and applaud.

Some executives endeavor to stimulate their workers through prizes. One of the industrial corporations that has been most successful in welfare work pays rewards to salesmen who have the largest showing of business each quarter. But level-headed managers hold that this is a form of bribery. They do not advocate niggardliness, but believe that such rewards should go only in the form of percentages on sales—"Give a man part of what he makes."

When an organization tackles its work as a game, there can be no doubt as to its being permeated with that most valuable spirit, pride of organization. This spirit cropped up finely in an Irish doorman for one of the great trusts. He was persistently annoyed by a well-dressed man with a troublesome load of liquor. The doorman kept his temper admirably, though it took half an hour to get rid of the interloper. Only when the latter tottered off did his own feeling in the matter come to the surface. "Bedad," muttered he, "if 'twere not for the credit of the company I'd 'a' punched yer head an' had done wid ye!" Pride of organization came to the surface, too, when a great Eastern railroad, after a bad wreck, due to a cause quite outside fast running, ordered its crack train off the schedule, leaving a competing line the only train that made as fast time. In a week this train was ordered back again because, it is said, subordinate executives reported that their best men would leave in the face of such an admission of defeat to the organization. Spirit of this sort is not traced to a card index.

An organization that attacks work as a game has something else of greater value—a point of view. The employee who isn't interested! How employers bewail him. Minimum return for a maximum wage is his idea, while changes and improvements, great or small, are installed against the steady current of his indifference. But the employer who can make work a game has solved this interest problem out of hand, and imposed his own point of view on his organization. Nobody is born with a point of view. Some men never have one imposed upon them until they become employers themselves. Anything that will lead an employee to step into the boss' shoes for a week, even in theory, is likely to wake him up and set him off at a new tangent. The successful man, reviewing his career, usually perceives that the place at which he began to go forward was where he caught the boss' view of the business.

An elderly, crippled, cigar manufacturer had, in his tiny shop, a single employee, Bob, who was a cripple, too, with cynical, revolutionary opinions.



And Then Threw a Bolt-Keg at Him

Bob went to anarchist meetings three nights a week, and was a prime mover in the "propaganda." His pay was comfortable, and he and the boss like brothers. Yet day and night, as he rolled cigars, Bob ranted against the oppression of the capitalistic system, and celebrated the sorrows of the proletariat. Bob would not use a two-cent stamp, but bought two green ones. Two-cent stamps bear the portrait of Washington, and Washington was a slaveholder. That was Bob in his "before" days.

Finally the boss died. Bob got his savings together and bought the tiny shop. The boss had never been very active, so Bob found he could carry on the business alone, rolling the cigars and delivering them. His profits came to not a great deal more than he had made as a journeyman. But his views were turned upside down. Bob abandoned the "propaganda," and declared venomously that all anarchists, socialists, walking delegates and reformers ought to be jailed for the public good. They were interfering with the broad-minded, constructive men who were building up the nation's industries. He had no employees. But his opinions on the shiftlessness, ingratitude and downright dishonesty of the proletariat were bitter.

Bob had simply become boss himself.

The employer who condemns Fate for the sort of raw material she supplies is much like the woman who cannot keep a servant. Both lack personality and tact. There is a type of woman who can keep a servant anywhere. Two or three experiments and failures, and then she lands a cook who sticks by the family till death, and wills her savings to the children. There are employers who turn almost any timber into good labor.

The Standard of Efficiency

ONE such, a man with a small force, says he starts with the assumption that no man is more than fifty per cent. efficient. The rest is the other thing, and often it amounts to seventy-five per cent. But ego flavors the combination, and Providence has wisely ordained that the employee with three-quarters inefficiency and downright cussedness usually has the most ego. Very often the latter looks like vanity. But this is the handle by which he must be taken hold of, and it is important not to destroy it. The late Charles L. Tiffany took pride in the fact that his retail organization had many men who had failed in business on their own account. Active industry and thrift are often developed in a man who has felt the pinch of hunger—a good hard pinch. Mr. Tiffany took a man who had learned what was what by failure, and developed his latent ability. He seldom made an error in selection.

(*Concluded on Page 33*)

THE MASTERY OF THE PACIFIC

SEATTLE—BY SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

A HOUSE-KEEPER in Seattle advertised for a servant to replace a Japanese who had left. The first applicant was an Icelander, the second was a Korean and the third was a Syrian. Everybody in Seattle is from somewhere, and there is somebody there from everywhere. A reporter for the Post-Intelligencer wrote a story about a colony of Chaldeans he had discovered.

"Here!" yelled the editor, "don't you know that all the Chaldeans died three thousand years ago?"

"No," replied the reporter, "I don't know it, for there is a bunch of them here and, more than that, they are living next to a flock of Mesopotamians."

And they were. Scattered through the place are people from every country and every clime. All the seven seas bring tribute to Seattle in the way of population. When the emporium of the late Mr. Billy the Mug was in its glory you could walk in and find on the benches sailor-men from any port you chose to name, and they nearly all had friends who were living in the city. The place is a condensed cosmopolis. One of the flaring electric signs on Second Avenue is "Chinese Grill." If that doesn't prove it, what will? That is a combination of Orient and Occident that gives one pause.

Moreover, the leading citizens of Seattle are from every State in the Union. They have landed in and on Seattle to make their fortunes, and if they are not doing it they are at fault. The opportunities are there. The visitor hears stories of increases in value that make him think the appreciation of property in the East is as slow as stalactite formation.

Seattle is a city of young men. It is the favorite statement of the people who know that more university men are there, in all sorts of business and professions, than in any other city of similar size in the country. That is the usual formula for all assertions of that character—"more than in any other city of similar size." Seattle is a great place for "more thans." It has them by the score. Still, the claim that the university men have flocked in is well grounded. The place is alive with them, all hustling, all taking advantage of whatever comes up, and all shouting for Seattle whenever a shout is needed and often when one isn't.

"Go to it!" is the Seattle motto. "Go to it and get the money!" That is the spirit of the place. Catch them coming and going. Cash in on everything. Let no grass grow under hesitating feet, but hop in, grab it and hop out again. The place hums all day. The people are on edge from morning to night. The streets are crowded. The stores are filled. Everybody is doing something. It looks like a real city, and feels like one.

The I-Could-Have-Bought-It Man

THEY stand you on a corner and point out a piece of property. Two years ago it sold for whatever it was. Yesterday it changed hands for five or fifteen or fifty-six times as much. The I-could-have-bought-it man is much in evidence. In 1893 that lot was hawked around for six thousand five hundred dollars. Now, it is worth one hundred thousand dollars. Why didn't you buy it? Didn't have the six thousand five hundred dollars. The old, old complaint. Since the fire, a number of years ago, which cleaned out a lot of ramshackle buildings and gave the Seattle people a chance to build new ones, there has been an almost steady appreciation of real-estate values. The place has grown enormously, has spread out over the hills in every direction and is increasing in population so rapidly that any man who puts up a building is sure of a tenant. With the increase of population has come a tremendous expansion of commerce. Tacoma, once a rival, has been passed. Seattle is the big city of the Northwest, and is getting bigger every minute.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of papers upon the struggle for supremacy among the Pacific Coast cities. The third and last article, on Los Angeles, will appear in next week's issue.

Start of Jackson Street Regrade, Seattle—3,400,000 Yards to be Moved

As a place to sell real estate it is so alluring the wonder is that all the men who deal in corner lots and subdivisions are not at work in it. There are times, especially if a stranger looks in any way prosperous, when it seems as if all of them are on the spot, but reflection will assure even the most harassed person that a few still are operating in Los Angeles, in Denver and in some places in the East. There is a great fresh-water lake on one side of the town. Puget Sound is on the other side. You can live in a villa on the lake and get to business in the heart of the city in twenty minutes. Or, if your taste does not incline you to fresh water, there are portions of the city that overlook the salt water, just as easy to get in from. You pay your money and take your choice. In any event, you pay your money. That is what the real-estate men are there for.

Let No Loose Wealth Escape

THE unit system of real-estate investment was invented in Seattle. Chaps who found the trade in lots and additions and in inside property too slow, or discovered that many investors would like to buy inside property instead of lots outside, but did not have the great sums of money required for such investment, devised a plan whereby any man with a few hundred dollars could go into an office-building speculation. They organized trustee companies, and when they acquired a piece of business property and planned to erect an office building on it they divided the estimated cost into units. If the cost was to be one hundred thousand dollars the units ranged in size from ten thousand dollars to five hundred dollars or, perhaps, less. Any person with the money could buy a unit in the building. If he put in a thousand dollars he owned a thousand-dollar unit, and was entitled to his share of the profits. If he wanted to sell he could dispose of his unit either in the open market or to a private bidder. The trustee company did the building and ran the business. This plan let in many men with small means. In effect, it was building big buildings by popular subscription, although many of the units sold were for large sums. The plan has been successful. There are many men in Seattle who can point to some of the larger buildings and say they own some of them; and, what is more to the point, the investments have been profitable and have paid a good rate of interest thus far.

The unit system illustrates the exact science to which the men who are taking care of the real-estate development of Seattle have reduced their business. Go to it, and get the money! Let no wealth escape. If a man with limited means thinks he can do better with his money in business property than in lots, give him a chance to invest in business property. That was the Seattle argument, and it worked out satisfactorily. The real-estate men of that city would have been no better than the real-estate men of any other city if they had not risen to meet this emergency. Perish, triply perish, the thought that any person who wants to buy anything should not find that thing for sale in Seattle! The idea of sending money out of town is absurd. Seattle people are for Seattle. That is why the place is advancing so rapidly.

When, some fifty-odd years ago, Yesler built his sawmill where Pioneer Square is now, and began to saw boards for the town that was to be built there, he made a lot of trouble for the people who followed him. It is quite likely that Yesler had no idea beyond sawing lumber. He did not look around with prophetic eye and see broad streets and great buildings. Instead, he picked out a level spot at the base of the hills and went to work. The spot he selected was about the only level one in the surrounding territory, too. All the rest was hills, rising one after another to the ridge that drops down to the lake. When Seattle began to grow it spread out over these hills. There was nothing else to do—nowhere else to go. The consequence is that the men who followed Yesler have been grading and regrading and cutting down ever since, and the further consequence is that they are not half through yet.

The main business streets run along the sides of the hills. It is a sharp climb from First Avenue to Second Avenue, and a sharper one from Second Avenue to Third Avenue. If you can go up both without stopping for breath you are an athlete. They have regraded First Avenue and Second Avenue until they are broad, level thoroughfares, on which most of the retail business of the city is done. Now they are at work on Third Avenue, and pretty soon they will take up Fourth. The development of the city demands cutting down and smoothing off great humps of earth. The leveler is at work.

There was Denny Hill. Some years ago, local capitalists who had faith in the city built a fine hotel on top of that hill. The only way to get up there was by a counter-balanced car that slid you up and down almost perpendicularly. Then there was a period of depression. The hotel stood empty for years. When the city began to boom again, the hotel was bought at a low price by a real-estate man who had an idea. He opened it and ran it for a couple of years. It was hard to get to, but good after you got there. The landscape artists said Denny Hill could be terraced and made a most beautiful spot, with the hotel on top facing the wonderful view out over the Sound.

That was a good landscape idea, but it didn't amount to much as a real-estate proposition. So they tore down the hotel, cut off the hill to the grade of Second Avenue, built a new hotel on part of the ground, projected a theatre for another part and, when the grading is all done, the real-estate operator who had the foresight to buy the place will have not only his hotel and his theatre, but enough level ground for half a dozen other buildings and the whole place will be worth ten or fifteen times as much, maybe more, than it was when it was a hill that might have been terraced, with a hotel on top. It will not be so pretty, but Seattle has scenery for miles around. What it wants in the city is level ground. This is a grossly utilitarian view to take of it, but you cannot convince Seattle of that fact. Seattle needs space for business. It can wait for the terraces.

Cutting the Heads Off the Hills

THERE are tremendous holes in some of the outer sections of the city. These holes were once hills. The men who own them tell you that the lots on top of the hills were worth so much, and that the lots at the bottom of the holes are worth thousands more. They talk of cutting down the grade of a street a hundred feet as if a hundred feet of excavation was a mere incident, not a considerable undertaking. The man who has seen work of this kind in the East begins to figure on how many men and how many teams the job will require. The Seattle excavator pushes men and teams aside. He does his excavating with water, and he gets pay for it two ways—catches it going and coming with true Seattle enterprise.

A young lawyer and a young real-estate man bought some lots on the top of one of these hills. They hoped to make a few hundred dollars out of the deal by leveling the land somewhat. Neither of them had much money, and they were appalled at the price of moving dirt by the old method of steam shovel or the older method of

scraper and team. They had heard of placer mining. They looked around to find a placer miner. In Seattle you can find men who can do anything, who have done everything in all parts of the world.

They found their placer miner. He examined the hill. "I can cut it off in no time," he said, "if I can get a giant." They bought the giant, which is the big nozzle used by hydraulic miners, and they got the water. The placer miner turned the stream against the hill and it began to crumble. The young lawyer and the young real-estate man didn't know it then, but at that moment they had opened the way for comparatively inexpensive regrading of the city. They had made it possible to cut streets through to outlying parts of the city cheaply, to build up suburbs and to facilitate transportation. Moreover, they had established themselves in the contracting business.

As soon as the hill began to crumble they saw there must be some place for the dirt. There is no sense in cutting down one hill and piling up the dirt into another. The solution of this problem came almost immediately. For years Seattle had been clamoring to have its tide-land filled in, to make place for railroad terminals and for factory sites. The men who owned the hill made a contract with the owner of a certain plat of tide-lands to fill them in. Then they built a sluice and laid some big wooden pipes, and as fast as the water tore the dirt off the hill it was carried by the same water through the pipes, and deposited on the tide-lands.

There were many difficulties. They found the dirt and stones wore through the wooden pipes in a few days. They tried lining the pipes with iron. The iron did not last as long as the wood did. Presently, a pipe was invented that does the work. The placer miner who took the original job made a wooden pipe with a slot in the bottom part. A thick piece of wood, grain up, was slid into that slot. As soon as that piece of wood was worn out, a new piece of wood was put in. This solved the problem and enabled the contractors to work night and day.

Their plan of carrying the débris from the excavation for long distances through the pipes and dumping it in places that needed filling was successful. Now they have great contracts and are excavating in one place and filling in another half a mile to a mile away. They work three shifts of men during the twenty-four hours. They have secured enough water and they are ripping out hills and filling in tide-lands in a way that would make an Eastern contractor gasp. With three giants and about sixty men they can do the work of a thousand teams and scrapers and shovelers. They get twenty-five cents a yard for excavating and filling, together. That price would make an eastern contractor gasp, also, but it gives a good profit. Being alert Seattle persons, the young lawyer and the young contractor catch them coming and going. They know the Seattle system. Meantime, the tide-lands are being filled rapidly, factory sites are made where there has been nothing but mud, railroads are given better facilities, and Seattle takes it as a matter of course. Why not? They do things in Seattle.

When Seattle gets through cutting down hills and regrading streets and has time to turn attention to municipal adornment two statues should be erected, each in as conspicuous a position as that the totem-pole holds on Pioneer Square. One of these statues should be to William H. Seward and the other one to James J. Hill. The city is about equally indebted to these men: to Seward because he was the first American statesman who realized the enormous natural advantages of Alaska and fought for its acquisition, and to Hill because he built Seattle, with his railroads, contributing more than any one factor, with the exception of Alaska, to the present prosperity of the place and to the remarkable future it will have.

When the steamer Portland came in, in 1897, with its cargo of Alaska gold, Seattle began to boom, and Alaska has been a potent force in the development of the city ever since, and always will be. Alaska is a suburb of Seattle, although it is rather Puget-Soundian to speak of a country of six hundred thousand square miles as a suburb. Still, that is practically what Alaska is, for the people who go in there buy their supplies in Seattle, and they spend their money in Seattle when they come out.

Catch them coming and going, you know—the real Seattle practice.

Nobody has kept an accurate count of the men who go into the North from Seattle every year, but the number runs a good way up into the thousands. The boats leave in rapid succession, and in the fall they bring back the miners with their gold, if they have any, but always with the determination to go in again. The city is full of stores where Alaskans are outfitted and, if you do not want to go in yourself, you can buy a gold mine on any corner. The men who search for gold in that great northern territory say the surface has not yet been scratched. More seekers after gold and more men who have business interests or intend to go into business up there appear in Seattle each spring. The development of Alaska means the correlative development of Seattle. No port will ever get Alaska away from Seattle, and Seattle will always be there with opportunities to buy going in and spend coming out.

Catch them coming and going—and how expert they are at it!

When it comes to climate, the real Seattle man is aggressive. "Finest climate on earth!" That is all there is of it. You ask for particulars and are told that the summers are delightful, that there are two seasons, the sunshiny, dry one, and the one that is a little less dry and not quite so sunshiny. Further inquiries will develop the concession that it rains—sometimes—in the rainy season. It does. If you get a Seattle man on a confidential basis, where no other Seattle man is around, he will admit there are days between October and April when it is just as well to carry an umbrella. One can't tell what may happen, you know, and it isn't much of a job to lug an umbrella around. Dip into this question of rain further, and there will be a reluctant statement that it has happened, from time to time, that there were several rainy days in the rainy season—days when gentle showers descended, nothing particularly wet, but rainy, if you want to call it that for lack of a better term.

No resident will admit the rainy season is uncomfortable. Probably, it isn't. People get used to rain just as they get used to wind and to snow and to heat. The fact is, the rainy season is exactly that—a rainy season. It is damp and sometimes disagreeable, but that makes no difference. The Seattle people like it. Finest climate on earth! Great for nervous disorders! One man told me the climate cured Bright's disease, which was somewhat of a recommendation. Passing over the rainy season, the sunshiny part of the year is delightful. It is always cool at night—sleep under a blanket all the year 'round—a testimonial used by all climate lauders everywhere in the

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NARCISSUS, THE NEAR-POET

By ANNULET ANDREWS

II

Gion Court, Sunday Afternoon, October 21, 190–.

I AM the wife of Narcissus. I married him three years ago, or rather, Bernard Shaw to the contrary, Narcissus married me. This I shall insist upon, because the morning after the storm in the park, when I went to meet Narcissus, I had no more idea I would be married to him by high noon than that I should be the chattel of the King of Madagascar.

Even now I cannot think clearly how it all came about. When I awoke late that morning I looked over in the north end of the studio where Mildred's couch was. She was not there, and it had not been mussed.

I got up and found a note on the chair by the fender: Mildred said she had received a telephone message in the night calling her out of town, and had gone early in the morning without waking me.

She did not know, she added, when she would be back—not for a week or so, at any rate.

I dressed and flew to the park. There was Narcissus waiting for me at the entrance, beside the big golden statue. I told him of Mildred.

"What must I do now?" I asked. "I don't know where Molly Dooley lives. Jane hasn't come back. I have nobody to look after me. The studio is awfully black and creepy at night."

Narcissus took my arm and we walked along the elm avenue. He gave a charming, wise smile, like one of the genii in the Arabian Nights just as he goes to present a golden key or a magic bottle to the bewildered princess.

"My lovely Aurora, there is but one thing you *can* do."

"And what?" I asked.

"Why, marry me, my Rose of the Morning." And when I demurred, he encircled me with his enchantment. He has that way of making everything he does, or wants to do, beautiful and original and altogether to be desired. If he had said: "Aurora, we will eat bread and treacle," that material and sticky act would immediately have assumed the aspect of a fairy feast.

I knew people were married in New York every day, but Narcissus made the prospect an exclusive rite on our part. He lifted the idea of it 'way up into the blue heavens and laid it across the golden chords of his fancy until the whole earth and sky seemed chanting the marriage hymn of the "Rose of the Morning" and Narcissus.

There were So Many Dowagers in Velvet that it Seemed Like a Human Upholstery-Shop

We sat beneath the trees and he wrote, upon a little ivory tablet, the most enchanting marriage-notice, which he said was to be printed on rose-leaves in the morning paper in Paradise.

Even now I get all tangled up in the memory of that morning.

I tried to hold back, to make an excuse about my dress; but Narcissus said he was sure I had selected my toilet purposely for a high-noon wedding.

"Why, Aurora, what could be fitter than a white muslin dress? I see you have also honored the day with a leghorn hat wreathed in narcissus. How charming!"

"But I haven't any bride's bouquet," I laughed, for it all seemed a sort of child's play in half-earnest.

"Never mind."—And Narcissus arose and led me out of the park. He called a hansom. I remember the horse was white, and the little windows heart-shaped, and the cabby was young and grinning, and seemed deeply interested.

We drove away, all like a fairy-tale; and when, on a side street, Narcissus put his arms around me and leaned over to kiss me, I drew away. I loved the enchantment of him, but somehow I did not want to be kissed by him.

"Oh, no, Narcissus. Jane said I must never let a man kiss me till after I am married," I objected.

He was amiable about it, but kept his arms twined around me very tight till I felt I couldn't breathe, and I was relieved when he got out at the florist's and returned with a big bouquet of white lilacs.

"The wedding bouquet of the Rose of the Morning," he said, and I held it lovingly in my arms.

"They look like fairy clusters of seed-pearls. Don't pearls mean tears, Narcissus?" I asked.

"Not when held by the Rose of the Morning and bathed in the light of the rainbow!" he whispered.

"And the wistaria arbor will be perennial and the tea never, never bitter, Narcissus?"

He promised that it shouldn't. And I remember, when he got out for the license, I made a little prayer to keep love pure and true and good in my heart always; and I felt uplifted. I would be everything, I said to myself, everything to my poet! I would make him even a greater being and a greater poet than he was now. I would be his daily bread and his heavenly manna. I was deeply moved, and, as we

neared the Little Church Around the Corner, my head was bowed and I could not speak.

It seems somebody is always being married informally there, and we got in on the heels of a casual wedding. Narcissus found they were friends, so those who hadn't got married stayed as witnesses, and then we were all married up in a minute.

We went from the church to Sherry's and had our wedding breakfast with no one but the haughty waiters to congratulate us—but they didn't. At the breakfast Narcissus said something strange to me, something that affected me from the beginning.

"Darling," he whispered, bending over me, "you know neither of us really believe in marriage at all."

"Don't we?" I said in a tone of surprise—for, seeing that Mamma had been married those three extra times besides Papa, I felt that I was the last person on earth to whom such a statement should be made.

"You know, my flower," he continued, "I mean that marriage is only tolerated by gifted people for the sake of ordinary, vulgar conventions. I have dreams and fancies that I must realize in a sense. I must follow the light of my ideals wherever it leads, else I cannot be a poet. You, little one, will ever be the mistress of my heart, the star of my soul's inner chamber; but I shall rove and dream. And you, too——"

But before I could answer he caught himself. "Ah, women are different!" he said. "You may dream, but you will not permit yourself to rove. It is in your eyes and your innocent mouth."

Then he held my eyes with his own and I felt floating away helplessly in their blue depths.

Yet what he said has clung to me from that day. In the early weeks of my strange, new life I would start to write in my journal. I would begin: "I am the hap——" then my pen wouldn't go on. Again I would start: "Life is idea——" and it wouldn't go again. So I gave it all up until to-day. I am alone quite a lot now, and I think talking things out to myself sometimes will be company for me.

We went to the studio from Sherry's and there was my old nurse who had come back from the death-bed of her cousin in Albany. When she found what I had done she was in a profane Irish rage—not with me, but with Narcissus, and I think she quite frightened him, for, when she roared, he bolted and I went flying after him. I told Jane at the door what I thought of her and how hurt I felt that she should not love the man I had chosen. She took me in her arms and hugged me tight, crying:

"Oh, me darlint, ye needn't tell me ye chose him! You're just a baby and didn't know any better, and I might 'a' known something would happen to ye, an' ye'd get under the spell o' one o' them poets whilst I was gone! May the saints forgive me for goin'!"—And the poor dear went and got the teapot and the shawl she had snatched after her aunt died, and someway I was overcome with all the humanness of Jane's dear, homely love. And I felt all alone, as I did in the hailstorm, and I wanted to stay, but Narcissus stood at the elevator and called: "Come, Sophie!" Then I realized he was my husband and that I had taken him for all time and must go. So I did and, when we got home, it was very pretty indeed, and full of artistic things, and we were quite gay and I lived in a dream-world for many weeks.

Jane came up the morning after we were married, for, of course, she forgave me, although she vowed at the top of her lungs that she wouldn't when I left. She arrived, pugnacious and powerful, surmounting a van of studio things. She had bought me a trousseau out of her own earnings, too, the dear old saint, and very well selected the things were, considering Jane's personal passion for Hibernian green in preference to all other colors.

I was very pleased and happy in my pretty, bridey things, but someway what Narcissus said about marriage, or some queer instinctive feeling, affected me strangely. It never seemed a real, strong, lawful tie with laws and obligations of its own. I made my laws all for myself and stuck to them, but they seemed just my individual creeds born out of my own nature.

I suppose the Dutch and the Scotch of Papa is pretty strong in me after all, because I believe I'm a natural-born wife—not exactly the sort of exalted, radiant wife to Narcissus that I dreamed in my girl's fancy of being to some man, but a real woman and a domestic creature in a wifely sense. I love keeping house; I love all our little blue-and-white dishes and the pictures and books and rugs in these rooms; and it makes me happy to have pretty little dinners and things sweet and dainty when Narcissus comes in. It seems like keeping play-house in a way, but I go on hoping some day it will all come right and real, and I'll stop questioning and be completely happy.

In August of the year we were married we went to England.

Mamma had been acting Cleopatra in London during the season, and it had been a great hit, and Royalty had smiled upon her; so she had sent me the money to come over.

She expected me to bring Jane, for I had not written her I was married. I thought that would be a delightful surprise. Looking back on it now, I know it was a surprise, if not delightful, because Mamma hadn't seen me in three years and hadn't a notion I had grown to be much bigger and taller than herself. I am sure she expected me to come trotting along, with Jane, in pinafores and baby-blue ribbons with my hair down my back. But when I turned up at her villa on the Thames in long frocks, and with a lovely Burne-Jones husband—well, it did give her a shock!

But Mamma is so polite and kind! Of course, she didn't act disagreeably about it. She came floating out to us from the rose pergola, at the water's edge, as we landed, and she looked like a wonderful amber-and-lilac fairy in a gold gown painted in orchids, which went just beautifully with her new hair, which is deep red with violet lights in it, like Belgian grapes. Her other hair was gold and not half so becoming as the reddish-purple shade and, someway, although Sapho—the tawdry, yellow poetess whom I saw at Mrs. Morde's—looked common with dyed hair, Mamma never does, because she can make any color she wants to wear seem chic and elegant. I suppose it's because she isn't common, but is a lady through and through; for, though Papa's family sniffed at Mamma, she had, on her mother's side, ancestors who were Spanish grandees, living in the Alhambra and having themselves painted by Velasquez in the early days when the Van Corts were raising vulgar red cabbages in Holland.

She floated around me like a golden cloud, and I hugged her so hard I am sure I must have mussed her up. The tears came to her eyes as she exclaimed:

"My own baby-lamb girl, my little Sophie!" And then she held me away from her and looked at me some more and then kissed me again and again—such nice orris-and-violet kisses. Then I explained Narcissus as well as I could, and he relieved me by taking up where I had left off and telling her in his own poetic way all about it. This entranced her, of course, but she did look a little shocked and dazed.

"Well, my dear son," she said to Narcissus in her gay, playful way, "I hope you will be very happy. Sophie is a treasure. She is an old-fashioned girl, as good as gold and born to be a good wife. She's not like me, but like her ——" And then a mist came over Mamma's eyes, as it always did when she referred to Papa. He, I know, was the real one and the others didn't count. But she was laughing in a moment.

"I hope you don't mind very much, Mamma," I said.

"My precious baby, of course not! I don't see why I should object to my little Sophie marrying just *once*." And then she added: "But, someway, I fancied the child would be borne away by some swashbuckling young soldier of fortune, and then I had also thought of taking her out to India and finding a nice British officer for her there."

I am sure Mamma had not thought of all this at all beforehand, because my getting married, or her getting me married, was of no moment to her.

Of course, she knew of Narcissus and his fame, and when we were having tea beneath the rose pergola, she asked: "How did you win my white-and-gold goddess, my beautiful Orpheus?"

Narcissus told her of our days in the park. It sounded so lovely, it seemed almost real again. Mamma said she was never going to be married any more; that now she was living very quietly and leading a serious life, so I must stay with her and let Narcissus go up to town, if he liked, to see his friends and make his week-end visits without me. I did, and we were ever so happy.

I saw little of people while with her. I think I disappointed all her English friends who met me, because, even now, although we are making up girls in America on English patterns and sending them over to be married to dukes, and reading afterward how much grander they are than the real English-born duchesses—even with all this, the English people still expect the American girls to slap on the back men whom they have just met and say, "You bet!" and "Ain't you a dandy?"—and things like that—all through their noses. When I didn't, they seemed to take it as an affront to tradition, and that's the worst affront an Englishman can get. So they let me alone. Besides, I wasn't explained at all, for Mamma just spoke of me casually as Sophie and never said my married name.

But when we went to tea with one of the Princesses—who was dreadfully respectable and middle-class-looking, with a hideous fringe and tight-fitting sleeves, and a cashmere shawl over her shoulders her Mamma had left her—then my Mamma talked about me as her daughter and her dear little girl till I am sure the Princess thought, as big as I was, that Mamma rocked me to sleep every night. When the Princess' little grandchildren were trotted in for dessert, Mamma spoke tenderly of my marriage and how she hoped to have grandchildren of her own some day, though I know it gave her cold creeps down the back just to think of it. But Mamma has a perfect gift for saying the right thing and being sympathetic.

When I went in to London before we sailed, I met the same sort of queer mob at the places Narcissus took me to as the mob at Mrs. Morde's, and I didn't care for it. Before we left England, Narcissus wrote the Cycle of Sonnets to Circe, and had it illustrated with famous pencil-drawings and photographs of Mamma. Then she thought him the most wonderful of living or dead poets and bought a thousand copies in advance to send to the critics and to Papa's relatives, who hated her. That gave us some more money. So Narcissus and I took a trip on the Continent before going home, and felt quite rich and gay at the time.

When we got back, though, there was no money. I learned typewriting and did all that for him. And then I took up some social-secretary work. I do dinner-cards and favors, too. It pays, and it is not unpleasant.

I was making something with illustration when Narcissus led me dazed and dreaming to the altar. But that was too hazardous for daily bread, and we needed not only bread at once, but there were back debts Narcissus had overlooked. The checks he received from time to time were often insufficient and always uncertain. He did not seem to mind, but I'd rather languish in a dungeon and eat three meals a day that I knew I'd earned than be eating unpaid-for delicacies from the stores of a justly irascible greengrocer.

So I went to work and earned certain pay, and I made Narcissus put up all his checks for our summer vacations. He was deeply grieved at first to have me work so hard, but he has grown quite used to it now. He is always very appreciative, though—calls me the good angel of his life, and sometimes he gets remorseful fits on him and tells me how little he deserves the love of a noble woman. After this he writes a snaky, sinuous, damp, hot kind of an erotic poem and gets a good sum for it.

The whole pose, poem and all, seems so unreal and *papier-mâché* that I don't mind.

He says I am his only real love. If I, with this feeling of unreality and mirage, am a real love, the others whom he calls unreal must be the very downiest fluffs of mist on the edge of his imagination.

Oh, if we women could only know men before we married them, how many more bachelors there would be in this world!

In the month of May, when he met me, he wrote a set of songs called The Rose Pergola. They were published that year. I believe they are considered his best. They were all to me, and were the first of his poems I ever read. I read them over and over. They are beautiful; lyrically beautiful. But someway—I don't know—they seemed not to be deep or complete. They are just like the others. I don't know how to express it. After reading them, I took the Brownings and—well, it seemed to me the Brownings' poems to one another had their roots deep, deep down in the heart of Nature and their heads in the skies.

I'd rather have Narcissus than Carlyle, anyway; because, although Carlyle didn't ever go off all day with girls into the woods, and come back with their veils and ribbons and gloves in his pocket, or didn't smell like their sachets, he behaved quite as bad. He let love die because he got cross and dyspeptic, and fussed about his mutton-chops. Narcissus doesn't. He goes out to dinner when he knows things aren't particularly nice, and that's really much better than staying and looking gloomy like a jellyfish.

I'm foolish, I know, to dream of perfect love. I can't help it, though. I have an ideal. I found a knight in marble in Ravenna that first year Narcissus and I were married. I called him in my heart "my Steadfast Knight." He lies calm and stately upon his tomb. I have treasured the photograph of his sleeping form. His name is Guidarello Guidarelli. That is all I know of him, except that he was a Crusader who fell by the sword of a Saracen. He has the face of an archangel—beautiful, clear-cut, pure lips and a holy brow, broad and noble.

It's Done, and You've Got to be Cheerful and Brave, and Stick to Your Bargain!

Narcissus detests this photograph instinctively, for Narcissus is as keenly instinctive as a woman. He says my Crusader is the sort of unimaginative, silent man weak women adore.

"My dear girl," he declared, when I first hung up the picture, "that fellow couldn't talk."

"Maybe not," I answered; "but he could think, and feel, and love, and do fine things."

And so, not having been brought up with any special faith or anchor, and needing some sort of strength and comfort when I'm lonely and tired in body and spirit, and my heart feels aching and empty, and the tears will come, I just rest my face in my hands, look up at my Steadfast Knight, and tell him everything, and ask him to help me to go on striving and smiling.

MONDAY NIGHT.

I've had an awfully busy day, and haven't been able to get out at all, and my head hurts. I wish Jane was more cheerful these days, but ever since I married she has been gloomy and not like her dear old self at all.

I don't know what I'd do without the engineer's baby up on the roof. She is the only baby I've ever known personally, and if they are all as nice—well, I think their mothers ought to be the happiest women in the world, no matter what trials they have with their husbands. The engineer's wife has had quite a difficult time about her baby, because, some months ago, when the infant arrived and the proprietor heard of it, he was perfectly furious, for babies aren't allowed at all in this apartment-house. He said it was an outrage, and started to discharge the engineer. But the engineer was so capable and knew better than anybody about the radiators and lights and things and didn't drink—so the proprietor weakened. He put the family in a sort of little bird-cage growth up on the roof, and made the poor young wife promise to take the baby out and walk it up and down in the open air among the chimney-pots when it cried.

I rocked the little thing to sleep to-night and she cuddled up and crooned against my shoulder so sweet and warm and comforting! I am making her the cutest morning wrapper with blue dots on it, with blue baby-ribbon run through the lace.

They are just plain people, the engineer and his wife, but love for each other and their little child makes them beautiful as they bend over her cradle. It gives me comfort and strength to see them happy and to know there is good, simple love in the world.

I am not going to be blue and dispirited any more.

Gion Court, Central Park West,
WEDNESDAY EVENING.

I have found him—my beautiful warrior, my Crusader!

I have seen him in the flesh—very little flesh, mainly bone and muscle. He presented himself in the smartest modern attire, though he should have appeared in silver armor with a flaming sword; but I doubt if then the janitor would have let him up.

I was up to my eyes in work this morning when my bell rang and I called, "Come in," thinking the ring meant either a messenger or a bill, as all visitors telephone. Presently I looked up from the envelope I was addressing and there stood at the door a tall young man with the finest face I have ever seen—a face beautiful and strong and tender—the counterpart of that of my Steadfast Knight.

"How do you do?" I said, and I smiled an unembarrassed welcome. I felt at once that I had known him always—all of him except his modern clothes.

"I came in great haste; pardon my taking the liberty of not announcing myself," he said, coming up to the desk. His manner was calm, but I felt a tense excitement in him beneath the quiet exterior.

"Won't you sit down?" I asked.

He was scanning a blue basket of wedding invitations on the tabouret beside me.

"Oh," he said, with evident relief in his voice as he seated himself, "those invitations have not been posted, I see! I'm glad I'm in time."

"No, they haven't," I replied; "but I'm to stamp them and post them at once."

"I'm so glad they haven't gone," he said.

"But they are going now," I insisted.

"No, they are not to go," he replied. "I am Mr. Morgan, Miss Morgan's cousin, and the engagement has just been broken."

"Oh, dear!" I said.

The situation was awkward. Weddings are such personal affairs, anyway, and of so little interest to outsiders. I had never even seen Miss Morgan; her order had been given through a friend of hers.

"As soon as the information came which made it impossible for my cousin to marry Mr. Morris, I came here to countermand the order."

"It's too bad," I said. "I'm sorry. I do hope she doesn't love him very much."

"It's Absurd," He Said, "But I've Hunted for that Girl Three Years"

"I'm afraid——" he said—and then paused.

"It must be hard to love anybody very much and not marry him. He is an attractive man—Mr. Morris?"

"You know him, then?"

"I remember him," I answered. "When I was a little girl he used to come to see us."

"Us?" he questioned.

"Mamma, I mean. He always came with——" I stopped, embarrassed. "But it's of no interest to you."

"Would you mind telling me whom he came with?"

"With a lovely French actress. Her name was Clementine Benoit!"

"Ah!" he said.

"But why should that matter?" I asked. "All the men I've known——"

"What sort of men have you known?" His voice was severe, commanding.

"Oh, I haven't really known them; I've only seen them. Mamma——"

"Who is your mother?" he asked sternly, as if he were blaming me very much indeed for having a mother of whom he might not approve.

"Don't you know?" I asked. "I am the daughter of the great actress and beauty, Camille Marceau. My father was Richard Malcolm Van Cort."

"But your name is Miss Inness," he said with a puzzled look.

"No," I corrected, "Mrs. Inness. I've been married a long time. I'm the wife of Arthur Inness, the English poet."

Never shall I forget the expression in his eyes at that moment. They are gold-colored eyes with black pupils. They pierced my very soul. There was in them pity, surmise, criticism, and something else—a shining, enveloping sort of tenderness. They said frankly, those eyes: "Well, poor thing, you *are* in a mess!"

"My husband is clever and amusing," I said, on the defensive. "And he has made a literary reputation, and I'm very, very proud of him."

"I don't know anything much of poets or poetry," he replied. "I thought you were a girl. It—I don't mean to seem impertinent, but the idea of your being married at all seems absurd."

"I think you must not approve of marriage, anyway," I said. "I can't help thinking it is odd and quixotic for you to object to Tom Morris."

"I'm not a prig, Mrs. Inness," he said, "but this affair is exceptional. There are ties—— How long, may I ask," he inquired, "have you entertained these peculiar views of life?"

"Oh, they are not my views!" I replied. "They are the ideas and creeds I've been surrounded by from the time I was born. Now, my views——"

"And what are your views?" he asked, smiling indulgently as he leaned his arm on my desk. I turned my face away from his eyes: I felt myself flushing hotly. It seemed to me to tell him anything in my own heart would be to make a complete confession.

"You see, I married at seventeen, and I've no views worth telling—I just work and dream, that's all."

Then he told me, in a few tense sentences, what he thought of life and its obligations. It sounded like Moses proclaiming the Commandments. I never heard a man speak so before. He said his cousin should never marry such a man as Tom Morris—no man who would lie to her before marriage and live a lie to her afterward. He said that even men should use every power within them to live up to their best selves.

"Of course," he concluded, "I know there are faithless men in the world—plenty of them. But there are good ones, too, and I assure you that if I couldn't believe in my own father's goodness—in his fidelity and devotion to my dear mother—why, I wouldn't believe in anything in the world."

"I wish I had things to believe in, too," I said—for he seemed very rich and enviable at that moment. "I wish I had—but it's all different with me."

"Good-by," he said abruptly.

He stepped into the hallway: I thought he was gone. I stood at the window with my back to the door, the south window flooded by sunshine on this fair day, and then I heard an exclamation, and there he was again at the door. His eyes shone and his face was flushed.

"My girl," he said as if to himself. Then he came up to me.

"Pardon me, do," he said. "I must seem quite idiotic—but a few springs ago——"

"Yes," I said—for I knew then what was coming.

"There was a hailstorm in Central Park, and I saw a girl walking there afterward."

"Yes," I answered.

"I saw only her back. And just now, when you stood at the window with the light in your hair, I knew you. Weren't you there?"

(Continued on Page 28)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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An Unseemly Jest

THOSE Socialists appear to be characterized by an ill-regulated, wanton and unseemly sense of humor. Witness the following:

There is a great and really good newspaper which helps the poor. Every considerable city has at least one charitable newspaper of this sort that furnishes free coal to the needy or provides summer excursions for children of the tenements, so there is no need to specify. This particular newspaper sends poor, ailing little boys and girls and babies to a beautiful summer camp. Not long ago it announced, with gusto, that its camp fund had been enriched by the receipt of two hundred and thirty-six pennies from inmates of a home for crippled children, and related how toilfully the crippled children had saved up these pennies in order that other afflicted little children might go to the beautiful camp.

A deservedly obscure organ of Socialism tries to be funny over this touching incident. It asks why the great and good newspaper, which enjoys a net income of about five hundred thousand dollars a year, does not support the camp itself—since it obviously extracts a large advertising value therefrom—instead of playing upon the sympathies of crippled children and getting their pennies for that purpose.

It even suggests that the poor little boys and girls and babies of the camp should now take the two hundred and thirty-six pennies contributed by the crippled children and donate them to another great and good and opulent newspaper's free ice fund. Its idea is that, since the two hundred and thirty-six pennies represent so much toil and self-denial on the part of the crippled children, the charitable newspapers ought to get the largest possible quantity of self-advertising out of them.

Perhaps Socialism should be suppressed.

Fountains that Squirt Perfume

THE New England Society of Chicago celebrated Bunker Hill Day. Some members of it early in the day disported themselves on the golf links. In the afternoon there were recitations and a solo. At four o'clock, tea was served. Then a lady read a poem which she had composed for the occasion. This we find obscurely located on the twentieth and last page of the newspaper, along with a number of other minor news items and six columns of display advertising.

But, on the front page of the same newspaper, we read of the celebration of the Chicago Sons of Indiana. For this event a large stage was erected on Banker Farson's spacious grounds, the proscenium being constructed of American Beauty roses. By an ingenious mechanical contrivance the great fountain squirted perfumed water. A prominent architect especially designed the booths, and the value of the electric-light apparatus alone exceeded that of the entire bean crop of Vermont and New Hampshire.

For our part, we are glad of it. We like to see Indiana rub it in. The classic school of New England literature was all very well in its day; but too many people make supercilious comparisons between its plain living and the complex, ornate and opulent mode of existence which, from the first, has distinguished, and yet distinguishes, the classic school of our day—meaning, as a matter of course, the Indiana school.

We should be open-mindedly receptive to a legitimate criticism of that school could any such criticism be brought forward; but there is absolutely no point in the statement that one glance at its collective bank-roll would have paralyzed every New England immortal, from Cotton Mather down.

We wish to be put on record as denying that it hurts literature to have fountains that squirt attar of roses, or to quaff soup from solid gold plates.

It was good for most of the famous New England authors to live plain, because otherwise they would surely have been pinched for defrauding tradesmen. But the old order changeth—at least there is every evidence that it changeth in Indiana.

The Ko-Ko of the Constitution

MR. KNOX has two important advantages over his chief rival, Mr. Fairbanks. The Pennsylvania delegation to the next Republican National Convention will be considerably more numerous than that from Indiana. And the favorite son of the Keystone State possesses a boldness of conviction, always attractive to the crowd, which is sadly lacking in the great Hoosier statesman with whom he must compete for conservative favor.

Mr. Knox entered the Presidential arena scarcely a month ago; but he has already—in his Yale Law School speech—sounded a keynote with a challenging decisiveness which we should hardly expect to see the Vice-President work up to short of a couple of decades.

"The Constitution," said Mr. Knox, "is not to perish at the hands of the impassioned phrase-maker!"

This at once struck a responsive chord in certain highly conservative and sorely tried quarters. "How sound, sane, stable and timely this is," observes one eminent organ of financial opinion, "we need not urge."

It strikes us a good deal the same way, although we must confess to some doubts as to just what it means. If the Constitution ever does perish it will probably be at the hands of a phrase-maker, since most human institutions perish that way. But not, says Mr. Knox, an impassioned phrase-maker. Does he mean, then, that the Constitution is in danger of perishing at the hands of some passionless, wary, calculating, ice-wagonly phrase-maker? Can it be that he means—does he, in fact, mean that ——— Oh, perish the thought!

The Tangle of the Tariff

"IT SEEMS to me," observes Governor Cummins' speaking upon the tariff, "that we have gone mad in our zeal for the seller, and have abandoned the buyer to the tender mercies of monopoly and greed."

Opposition to the forty-five-per-cent. duty undoubtedly gains ground in many respectable and influential quarters. The scheme works imperfectly. It is not merely the little hand-to-mouth buyer that finds himself pinched, but many of a size and importance which justly entitles them to conservative consideration. Even Mr. Cannon cannot be wholly unmoved when big industries demand relief.

To break squarely away from the stand-pat platform, however, would be exceedingly distasteful. A little expedient recently adopted in the State of New York suggests a way out.

Owing to conditions in the investment market, that State has been unable to sell the $101,000,000 three-per-cent. bonds authorized some time ago for the purpose of rebuilding the Erie Canal. So the legislature recently provided that purchasers of these bonds should enjoy a rebate of one per cent. on certain State taxes. All through this tight money period United States Government two-per-cent. bonds have commanded a premium of about five per cent., largely because the United States grants a special privilege to purchasers of its two-per-cents in the matter of issuing circulating notes against them.

Of course, States and cities cannot alter the tariff. But why should not the general Government help them out, by providing that whoever bought certain amounts of certain public bond issues should be released from tariff taxes? No doubt, important industries in Massachusetts and elsewhere that complain of tariff burdens would joyously embrace such an opportunity, and everybody would be satisfied excepting the negligible multitude that has no money to buy bonds with.

This, it seems to us, would be the perfect flower of stand-pat philosophy.

We earnestly commend it to the careful consideration of Uncle Joseph.

The Picture Morgues

THE Boston Museum of Fine Arts is to have a new building. The plans have been adopted and published, and are generally praised. Probably, they deserve the praise. Yet we read them and sigh, and wonder whether the time will come, in this country or in Europe, when a great art gallery will not also be a great weariness.

The Boston collection is certainly one of the most important in the country. As with practically every other big collection in the world, the delight which it ought to give is greatly lessened (except, perhaps, to the rare connoisseur) by the manner in which it is housed. In the new museum there will be the usual endless galleries and the usual crowded walls.

Probably every one not a case-hardened adept knows the confusing atmosphere of an unfamiliar gallery—made up, one may say, of a turmoil of impressions struggling to be received; that distracting sense of feeling the pictures at your back and right and left. The ordinary visitor to an unfamiliar gallery, therefore, comes out with his legs aching and his head in a whirl; and it is precisely for the ordinary visitor that the big public art galleries are supposed to exist.

Modern hospital architecture points the way. We hope to see some city or plutocrat with sufficient money and courage to put a great collection of paintings in many detached buildings—half a dozen, at most, in each—so that a willing amateur will not be obliged to work long and patiently in order to have about him the atmosphere of the picture that he wishes to look at. There would still be a use for the huge galleries. There are plenty of paintings that have only a technical value. They could go into the big morgues.

Marriage and a Horse-Trade

THERE is an old-fashioned notion that some sanctity attaches to marriage, making it essentially different from a contract to sell wheat or an obligation to pay money.

The legal profession and the bench seem not to share this view, but to hold that marriage, quite as much as anything else, may properly be played horse with, if opportunity to score a neat technical point offers. Not many days pass but some marriage, contracted in good faith and according to law in one State, is declared null and void in another.

Presumably, the mediæval common law is not effective here, and no elemental consideration of common decency prevents the court from affixing the brand of illegitimacy if his statute-book has a semicolon where the one across the border has only a comma. To declare illegitimate the issue of an honest marriage that conformed to the law of the place where it was contracted is palpably a monstrous act.

Heretofore the scandal has been interstate. Now a Western State provides a still more harrowing situation. The legislature passed a certain act governing marriage. A circuit court judge has held the act unconstitutional. We hear that the case will be carried to the appellate and supreme courts.

Thus, in the usual course, about eighteen months may elapse before certain couples know whether they are really married or not. A marriage may conform to the law as interpreted by one decision, be contrary to it as laid down in the next decision, and be legitimized again after the third.

In the case of a horse-trade this is tolerable, because we are so thoroughly inured to it. But in the case of marriage we should think that even the law might put decency and justice above its common preference for skittle-playing over technicalities.

Arms and the Man

A RUSSIAN general who took part in fourteen engagements during the war with Japan, in one of which a third of his command was left dead on the field, says that never, in any engagement, did he see a single Japanese soldier.

The opposing lines lay in rifle-pits. The range having been determined, the soldiers pitched their guns at the proper angle—usually holding them with the butts under their arms and worked the rapid-fire mechanism.

The Russian thinks the expert riflemen who won the battle of New Orleans for Jackson would be of no more use in a modern European war than any other equal number of men capable of holding a rifle and working the lock. The object is, not shooting, in the ordinary sense of the word, but merely to pump as many bullets per minute as possible at a given angle.

The machine standardizes the world. In the coarser industrial processes skill of the hand counts for little. One man who can turn a crank is about as good as another. War also, it seems, is standardized by the machine. In the next great European conflict there will be merely so many hundred thousand operatives pulling levers—with an eight-hour day, we hope, and double pay for overtime.

We have learned heretofore that the percentage of killed and maimed is about the same in war as in railroading. If The Hague cannot discuss disarmament, why should it not discuss reëstablishing the mediæval trade of arms?

Just now the governments might offer higher wages to Japanese than to Cossacks; but the trades union would soon regulate that.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

"It's Plumb Wasteful, I Think"

The Marble Stand-Pipe

AT A RECENT convention of the National Stock-Growers Association in Washington a Wyoming cowman took a ride around the Capital with Senator Dubois, of Idaho.

They drove around by the Washington Monument. "By gee!" said the Wyoming man, "these people in Washington are extravagant, all right, all right. Now, just think of them building that there stand-pipe out of marble. Why, out our way they build stand-pipes of iron, and it's good enough for anybody; but here, I see, they have to make them out of marble. It's plumb wasteful, I think."

The Man Who Talks

WHEN it comes to oratory, the supply exceeds the demand on the Democratic side of the United States Senate. There are orators straining at the leash for every possible occasion, and some for not a few impossible ones. So the news from Oklahoma that the Senate is threatened with another bulky addition to its already enormous word-production strikes terror to the hearts of the official stenographers, although it is received with loud cheers by the printers who work on the Congressional Record.

Thomas P. Gore is the man who is expected to freight this new consignment of language into that august chamber. He won, in the primaries, one of the Democratic nominations for the place. He hasn't been elected yet; but the prospects are that the new State will be strongly Democratic; so it is quite probable he will eventually get there and display his wares. The Senate has silver-tongued orators and golden-tongued orators and boy orators and all sorts of orators, but Gore will establish a new brand. He is blind, and he will immediately flash up as the blind orator and will be known as such for all time. Already, the code man for the press wires has prepared his symbol, for when Thomas P. Gore gets into action in the Senate he will also get action continuously in the press dispatches.

Gore was born in Mississippi, moved to Texas and, a few years ago, went to Oklahoma. By an accident he lost the sight of one eye when he was eight years old. Three years later, again by accident, he lost the other eye. With no hope of seeing anything so long as he lived, the little chap began to study. He had none of the modern appliances for the blind. He had people read to him and he remembered what he heard. He went through school with honor, getting high marks in such studies as geometry, when he never made a demonstration, but worked out the propositions in his head and recited them. He studied law at the Lebanon University. His classmates read the textbooks to him, and he listened to the lectures. When he was admitted he was as well-grounded as any member of his class.

These accomplishments marked Gore as a remarkable citizen. He is just that. He has a most retentive memory and has taught school with success, even though he is not able to see a textbook or a student. All the time he was in school, and while he was teaching, he was practicing public speaking. He could out-talk anybody on the countryside. There was no topic, apparently, with which he was not familiar, and he trimmed the budding orators of Mississippi without effort. He was in politics before he was twenty-one, and was nominated for the legislature by his admiring townsmen, who overlooked the fact that he was not of legal age. The law did not overlook it, and Gore was compelled to retire. He was a Democrat, of course, but he bolted Cleveland and stumped against him. He was a Populist in Texas, and has been a Democrat in Oklahoma, where he moved in 1901.

The Congressional Record from Memory

ONE of his earliest exploits was in a campaign in Mississippi. Senator Hernando De Soto Money was campaigning for something or other, and made a long speech about his own acts in Congress. Gore heard him. When Money had finished, Gore rose and, by quoting from memory from the Congressional Record, proved Money to be mistaken about some of his own acts, or forgetful. Gore talked for two hours, ridiculing Money and attacking him ferociously. Money was very angry. "I'd whip you if you were not blind!" he shouted at Gore.

"Blindfold yourself, and come on," Gore yelled in reply.

His ability on the stump made him feared more than any other man in Texas when he was in politics there. He had the great advantage, so far as his blindness was concerned, of getting the sympathy of his audiences as soon as he began to speak. His opponents in debate are, naturally, loth to go after a blind man as fiercely as they would after a man who can see, and the result has been that Gore is celebrated all through the Southwest as a stump-speaker with few equals.

One night at Muskogee, Indian Territory, W. J. Bryan was due to arrive at ten o'clock. Word came that the train was several hours late. Some local orators talked until they were out of words and out of ideas. Then Gore was called. He talked for one hour, for two hours, for three hours—told stories, took up any topic that was suggested and discussed it—and at the end of three hours said: "I guess you are tired of me by this time."

"No," the people shouted. "Go on!"

"All right," said Gore, "I can stand it if you can," and when the train bringing Mr. Bryan arrived, an hour later, Gore was still talking, fresh as he was when he started, and the people were still interested. A man with that word-flow will certainly add noise to the loud cries already heard for closure in the Senate.

Gore keeps up with the current topics of the day with the aid of his wife. He took dinner at the house of a farmer named Kay, in Mississippi, when he was a young man, and liked the sound of the voice of the hostess, who was the daughter of the house, Miss Mina Kay. He made a friend give him a detailed description of the young woman and went there as often as he could. In three years they were married. Ever since their marriage, Mrs. Gore has read to him until ten o'clock each evening, from the newspapers, the books of the day, his law-books, the Congressional Record, and he has kept up with the times closer than many a man with both eyes.

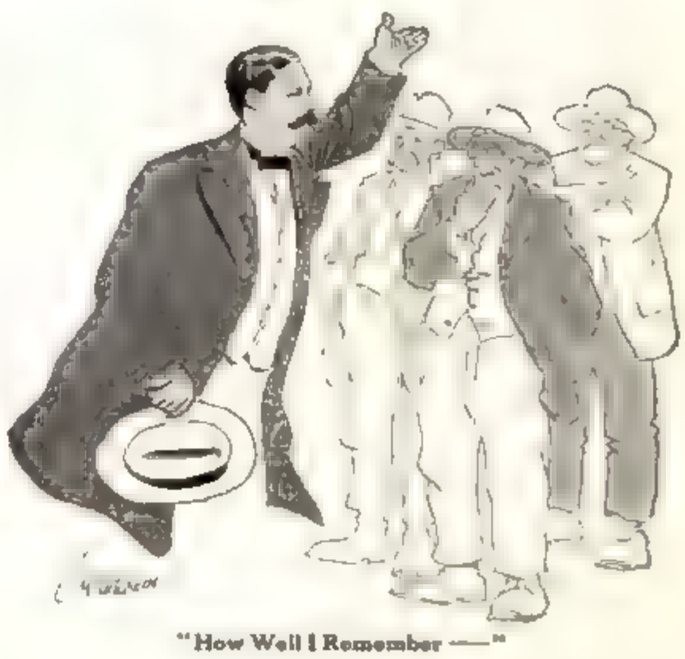
Gore is a fervent talker. He is enough of a politician to get down among the people. There are no frills on his speeches. He hits out straight from the shoulder, and has the "rally-boys-rally" brand of talk at his finger-tips.

A Grass-Root Campaign

WHEN he went out into the campaign for the nomination for Senator he went among the farmers and talked to them at every crossroads. He called it "a grass-root campaign." The agreement was that the two Senators from the new State of Oklahoma should come, one from the Territory of Oklahoma and one from Indian Territory. Gore lives on the Oklahoma side. He mortgaged his house and began to talk. He talked incessantly on every sort of a topic, but always with a plea to be sent to the Senate.

If politics is propitious for Gore, and the legislature is Democratic, he will come to the Senate as one of the first two Senators from the newest State. A physically blind Senator will be a novelty, although there have been Senators—so it has been charged—who have been mentally and morally blind, and strabismus and astigmatism of the perceptions and convictions are not so uncommon as to cause remark. Gore is fated to become one of the show bits of scenery in the chamber. Every visitor will want to see the blind Senator and, unless reports have been greatly exaggerated, every tourist will hear him.

There are happy days ahead for Gore—no closure to deprive him of his daily language-habit—nothing to do but talk.



"How Well I Remember ——"

A Pedler of Chestnuts

SENATOR JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER, of Iowa, was born in that part of Virginia that is now West Virginia.

Last summer Dolliver went back to his birthplace and, of course, made a speech to the friends of his childhood.

"How well I remember these old, familiar scenes!" he said. "Here is the house where I was born. Here is the old well and there the garden patch. Yonder are the woods and there is the meadow. Along the meadow is the row of stately trees where I picked chestnuts when I was a mere lad ——"

"Yes," broke in an old neighbor who seemed to be a bit bored, "and you have been peddling them ever since."

Whereupon the meeting closed.

A Gift from Tom Lawson

A BOSTON young man, who knew Thomas W. Lawson, was about to be married. He sent an invitation to Lawson.

A few days before the wedding a large box came to the house of the bride-to-be. It was from Lawson. The bride hurriedly summoned her young man.

"Look," she said in great excitement, "at this enormous box Mr. Lawson has sent! It must be something magnificent. Hurry and open it."

The box was opened. The gift was indeed magnificent. It was a large crayon picture of Mr. Lawson himself, in one of his favorite poses.

When Theodore was G. W

A GOOD many Polish Jews have settled in Washington and gone into small business. It is their invariable practice to start a store of some kind, save their money and buy the property as soon as they are able.

They take out their "first papers" as soon as they arrive, and declare their intentions of becoming citizens. It is necessary for them to attain full citizenship before they can hold property in the District of Columbia.

One Rozalsky had prospered and wanted to buy the little building in which he had his store. His lawyer told him to go down and get his final papers. Rozalsky appeared before the proper official and was examined.

"Who is President of the United States?" he was asked.

"The'dor' Rosefelt."

"Who was the first President of the United States?"

"The'dor' Rosefelt."

"What is the Constitution of the United States, and how was it adopted?"

"The'dor' Rosefelt."

"What great President lived at Mount Vernon?"

"The'dor' Rosefelt."

"That will do," said the examining official. "Stand aside."

Rozalsky went in great excitement to his lawyer. "How am I wrong?" he asked. "I been here six, seven year, and speak English good. I hear nothing but this man The'dor' Rosefelt, and I tell his name every time, for they all tell me he's whole thing."

The lawyer explained and told Rozalsky to study history a little. In a few days Rozalsky came back. "I got it now," he exclaimed in triumph. "Wash'n'ton used to be The'dor' Rosefelt, but now he's dead alretty, an' The'dor' Rosefelt's The'dor' Rosefelt."

YOUNG LORD STRANLEIGH

THE RAJAH AND HER CAPTAIN

By ROBERT BARR

THE captain strode gloomily to the evil-smelling den he called the cabin, and Stranleigh went down the steps with him, seating himself at the table.

"Now, Captain," he began, "I should like to know if we can be overheard?"

"No, sir. We are alone, and no one can hear us."

"Well, I come here as your friend. I want to save you, if possible."

"Save me?"

"Yes."

"I don't need any saving."

"Yes, you do, and a good deal of it. I thought at first that Frowningshield was the sole culprit, and that you were merely an innocent victim. I learned today that such was not the case; in fact, I surmised it before, because, when you assisted in planting those mines across the Paramakaboo River, you must have known you were committing a capital offense."

"Then it wasn't an accident; you *did* send down the logs?"

"Of course I did."

"You watched us ever since we arrived there?"

"Yes, I came from England for that purpose. I left a week after you did, and was there a week before you, more or less. My man, Mackeller, whom you kidnaped on board this steamer at Southampton ——"

"I didn't kidnap him, sir. It was Frowningshield."

"Oh, I know all about it. Mackeller is on my boat now, within three hundred yards of where you are sitting. He was up on the hilltop with a telescope, scrutinizing every action of yours since you landed."

"But I'm compelled to obey orders."

"Oh, no, you aren't. If you are ordered to do a criminal action, you must not only refuse, but you are in honor bound to give information to the authorities."

"I had nothing to do with putting Mackeller into the hold. Frowningshield put him in, and I didn't know he was there till we were more than a day out. It was me insisted he should be sent ashore with the pilot. Frowningshield wanted to take him with us."

"That's neither here nor there, Captain. Of course, whenever you knew a man had been kidnaped in that way aboard your ship, you should have turned, made straight back to Southampton, giving information to the authorities. But even if such an unlawful action did not arouse your suspicions, you must have known perfectly well when you planted those mines that they were not toy balloons you were putting in the water. It's too late to pretend innocence. You've been bribed to commit a crime."

"The floating mines weren't set in English waters."

"My dear sir, your offense is against international law. No man may place floating mines in a river up which a steamer may ascend, and yet you deliberately put them there to wreck a British steamer. You are at this moment commanding a pirate ship, filled with stolen ore."

"I know nothing about that, sir. This ship was chartered, and I was told by my owners to obey the orders of them that chartered her, and that's old Schwartzbrod and his gang."

"We're merely losing time, Captain. You talk about charters and owners. Well, I am the owner of the Rajah. I bought her from Sparling and Bilge."

"So you say. That's nothing to do with me. Even if you bought the ship, you are bound by law to carry out the charter. Till a charter runs out and isn't renewed, owners are helpless. I obey the charter while it holds, and as long as I do that I'm doing nothing wrong."

"You are perfectly well aware of what you are doing. I am convinced of that. You were not born yesterday. Now, you are not sailing toward Portugal, you are sailing toward a policeman, and it is from that policeman I wish to save you."

"Oh, yes, you'd like to get possession of the ship and cargo for yourself, wouldn't you?" sneered the captain.

"Yes, exactly."

He Found the Captain Sitting Staring into Vacancy

"Well, you won't get it," cried the master angrily, bringing his huge fist down on the table. "Talk to me of thieving! What are you? Why, you're a pirate, that's what you are. I said so to Frowningshield, and he wouldn't believe me. He thought you wouldn't dare come aboard of me on the high seas. You and your policeman! Why, I'd be justified in hanging you from the yardarm."

"You couldn't do that, Captain," protested Stranleigh.

"Why couldn't I?"

"Because those two masts of yours are not provided with yardarms. You might possibly hang me from the funnel, or allow me to dangle in chains from one of the arms of your steam crane, but that's all."

"Why don't you and your gang of ruffians climb aboard here like real pirates, and make me walk the plank?"

"I have climbed aboard like a real pirate, and I am going to make you walk the plank."

"You are! You are!" cried the captain, rising, his two clenched hands resting on the table, his naturally florid face still further flushed with wrath. "I'll show you—I'll show you what we do to men of your kind that dare to come aboard a ship on the high seas."

"Sit down, my dear man, sit down," pleaded Stranleigh soothingly. "Don't bluster. What's the use of making a fuss? Let's discuss the thing amicably."

"Make me walk the plank, will you?" roared the captain, aquiver with resentment.

"Oh, well, well, if you object, of course that puts a different complexion on the matter. I thought that walking the plank was a customary nautical amusement. If it isn't etiquette, let's say no more about it. Do sit down, Captain."

But the captain wouldn't sit down. His eyes glared, his face grew redder, and his lips quivered

"You come alongside with your toy yacht!"

"It's a toy, Captain, that spins along a little faster than this old tub."

"You, and your jackanapes dressed up like naval officers, dare to come aboard o' me."

"That's splendid, Captain. I like that phrase, 'aboard o' me.' Yes, I come aboard o' you. What then?"

"What then? Why, then you try to browbeat me in my own cabin, on my own ship. Who—who do you think you are, I'd like to know?"

"I am Earl Stranleigh of Wychwood."

The captain now slowly relapsed into his chair and gazed across the table at the young man. That latent respect for the aristocracy which permeates even the most democratic of his Britannic Majesty's subjects caused an instant collapse of the truculence which had threatened an abrupt conclusion to the conference. Curiously enough, the honest captain never thought of questioning the statement, which had been made in a quiet but very convincing tone.

"Earl Stranleigh!" he gasped.

"Yes, of Wychwood. We always insist on the Wychwood, though I'm sure I don't know why, for there isn't another Lord Stranleigh, and Wychwood is far from being the most important of my estates. Still, there you have it, Captain. English life is full of incongruities."

"The *rich* Lord Stranleigh?" questioned the captain, with an accent on the adjective.

"I've just told you there's only one."

"Then why in the name of Neptune are you pirating on the high seas? Is that the way you made your money?"

"No, my money was more or less honestly accumulated by my ancestors, but I think their method was highway robbery rather than piracy. My family prospered better than it deserved, and here am I the twentieth-century representative of it."

"If that is so, why the deuce are you meddling in this affair?"

"Because I like to see a man minding his own business. The ship which you so worthily sail is mine. I bought her a few days after you left Southampton. Here is the deed of transfer, and here is the letter I spoke of, written to you by Messrs. Sparling and Bilge, informing you that I am the new owner, that I shall be responsible for your pay hereafter, and as a consequence they will be much obliged, as, indeed, so shall I, if you do what I tell you."

The captain read the documents with slow care, then looked up.

"It's Sparling and Bilge's signature all right, and nobody knows it better than I do; but what about the cargo? Do you intend to unship at Lisbon?"

"No, I intend to run it to Plymouth."

"But, even if the ship's yours, the cargo isn't."

"Surely you knew they were stealing the ore, Captain?"

"They told me they had a right to it for three months. Mr. Schwartzbrod showed me papers to that effect. That's why they were in such a hurry. Wanted to get as much out in the time as they could, and offered me a bonus of five thousand pounds over

The Furtive Old Man was Palpably Nervous and Ill at Ease

and above my wages if I ran three voyages to Lisbon, and two thousand for each extra voyage within the time."

"Then, Captain, why didn't they concentrate their energies on the mining of the ore, and not bother with the mining of the river?"

"Why, Frowningshield told me that they were on the lookout for some pirates that were going to interfere with them. We didn't intend to blow up any vessels unless they were determined to come up the river in spite of us. That's why we didn't put the mines at the mouth of the river. On the high ground west of the camp, Frowningshield had two men on watch all the time. If they saw any ship approach they were to go down the river in a boat that was kept below the mines and order the steamer to go back. If the captain wouldn't go back then he came on at his own risk."

"I see. And did Frowningshield tell his men to inform captain and crew that the river was mined?"

"I don't know."

"Now, Captain, talking as one seafaring man to another, didn't all this, in conjunction with the large sums of money promised you, strike you as rather fishy? Did this appear to you as honest trading?"

"Well, Earl, I've sailed to all parts of distant seas, and I've known things done that would have looked mighty queer in Southampton Harbor, and yet they were all right as far as ever I knew. Things happen in the South Seas that would seem rather odd in Bristol Channel, you know."

"You didn't think you were running any risk, then?"

"Oh, risk! A seafaring man runs risks every time he leaves port. If this was a risk, there was good money at the end of it, and that isn't always the case when a man ships on a tramp steamer nowadays, what with everything cut to pieces by foreign competition. You see, Earl, men born to money don't always appreciate what people will do who're trying to pile up a little cash against their old age. I've got a wife and family in a hired house in Southampton—three girls I've got at home, Earl, and girls is helpless left poor—not to mention my old woman."

The captain's eyes took on a dreamy, far-away look that seemed to penetrate and question the future. He had, for the moment, forgotten the young man sitting opposite him, and went on as if talking to himself:

"There's a piece of land running down to Southampton Water; five acres and a bit more. Somebody built a cottage there, and put up a flagpole on the lawn in front. Then they got tired of it, and it's for sale. A thousand pounds they want for the place, everything included. There's a few trees, and there's outhouses; splendid spot to raise chickens. Then there's a veranda in front, and an oldish man might sit in an easy-chair smoking his pipe, and see the American liners come sailing past. And my family's living in a rented house on a back street! I've always wanted that bit of land, Earl, but never had the money to spare, and, when I come to settle down, like as not somebody else will own it, and we couldn't afford it, anyhow. Risks? Of course, there's risks; but when I think of that little cottage—well, I took the risk, Earl."

"My dear Captain," said the Earl softly, "your bit of land makes me ashamed of myself and of my moral lectures. I have so much land, and others have so little. Here's a hard-working man like you, landless, and here's a loafer like me with thousands of acres. Well, Captain, that plot of land is yours from this moment. If somebody else has bought it in your absence, we'll evict them. I'll go bail that old Schwartzbrod will pay you all he promised, whether you make the voyages or not. Indeed, you are not going to make the voyages, as a matter of fact. I think I can persuade Schwartzbrod to plead for the privilege of paying you. You may depend upon it, he and his crowd have done everything in the most legal manner. You and I, Captain, are not shrewd enough to be a match for these rascals."

There was almost a smirk of self-satisfaction on the captain's face as he found himself thus linked with a man of Lord Stranleigh's rank.

"Well, Earl," he said, "what do you want me to do?"

They were interrupted by the heavy steps of the mate coming down the stairs.

"What do you want?" roared the captain. "Get out of here."

"Beg pardon, sir," explained the mate, "but they're getting uneasy on the yacht, and want to know what's become of the boss."

"Just excuse me for a moment, Captain," said Stranleigh, "and I'll speak to them."

The young man sprang lightly up the steps and went over to the bulwarks.

"Is it all right, sir?" shouted Mackeller.

"All right, thank you. Everything's going smoothly, and I expect to be with you within ten minutes."

Stranleigh returned to the cabin, where he found the captain sitting, staring into vacancy. Some one had lit an evil-smelling oil-lamp.

"Well, Captain, before answering your question, I wish to say that I am interested in mercantile traffic aside from my ownership of the Rajah. Before I left England I reserved for you the berth of captain on a new steamer called the Wychwood, twice the size of this boat, that is intended for the South American trade. I think she will be ready for you by the time we reach Plymouth, and the moment we are in Plymouth I shall hand you a check for a thousand pounds to secure that bit of land by Southampton Water. What sort of a crew have you aboard here: a mutinous lot, or easy going?"

"Oh, the crew's all right, Earl. They're Devon men. It was a rough lot of passengers we took out under charge of Frowningshield, but they herded most by themselves."

"Do you think any of the crew knew what was going on?"

"When Did You Say You Expected the Rajah from Lisbon, Mr. Schwartzbrod?"

"No, I don't suppose anybody knew what was going on but me and Frowningshield."

"Would you like to have your present crew with you on the new steamer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Officers, too?"

"Yes, I would."

"Very well; I want you to come aboard my yacht, and be captain of her from here to Plymouth. Take the mate with you, if you like, or any of the other officers, and take such of the crew as are not Devon men. I'll put some of my own fellows aboard in their place."

"You mean me to leave the ship, my lord?"

"Yes. The yacht's captain and mate will take the place of you and your mate."

The captain's face was a study of indecision and doubt.

"It doesn't seem quite right, my lord."

"Your late owners have told you to obey me, and I am your new owner. It is quite right. I have merely transferred you to the yacht as if I were transferring you to a ferryboat, in order to take you the more quickly to your new command. We'll reach Plymouth in a fortnight or three weeks before the Rajah does. I'd rather you didn't go to Southampton, but, if you think you can keep out of sight, I don't mind your running across there, seeing your family, and securing that property. Indeed, if the property is still in the market, and the house empty, there's no reason why you shouldn't move your people into it. You'll have time enough. Then you can return to Plymouth, see to your new ship, and engage what men you need to supplement the Rajah's crew when she arrives."

The captain made no reply: bowed head and wrinkled brow showed that a mental conflict was going on.

"You see, Captain, I'm determined to get out of old Schwartzbrod the money wherewith to pay not only you, but Frowningshield and his men. I don't intend to leave them marooned there while Schwartzbrod sits safe in London, so I wish no rumor of what has taken place to reach the ears of Schwartzbrod and his syndicate; therefore I don't want you to be seen and recognized by anybody, if possible."

"I see. You want to get all the witnesses shipped off to South America. Well, you know, my lord, meaning no disrespect, your way of doing things seems a little fishy, too, as you said a while ago."

"Of course it looks fishy, but you must fight a whale with a shark if you haven't got a harpoon. I must either go to law, which is the harpoon, with old Schwartzbrod, who is the whale, or else adopt his own methods, and play the shark. You've got to choose which course of fish you're going to take, and you've got to give your order to the waiter now."

"Suppose I refuse: what will you do? Attempt to capture us?"

"Bless you, no. I'll merely follow you, just as a shark follows a doomed vessel. The moment you approach a port that contains a British consul, I'll dash on ahead, show my papers, and set the law in motion, which, as I have informed you, I do not wish to do. The moment that happens I can't save you, Captain. I don't know what the penalty is, or whether there is a penalty. Perhaps, your obedience to orders may allow you to slip through the meshes of the net, and then, again, perhaps, it won't. If it doesn't, then that little cottage on Southampton Water, which was yours a moment ago, will never be occupied by your family. Oh, hang it all, I'm either coercing or bribing you now, whichever it is. You must make a free choice. Now, Captain: the whale or the shark?"

The captain heaved a sigh that seemed to come from the very bottom of his boots. He rose slowly and ponderously, and stretched forth his hand.

"Lord Stranleigh," he said solemnly, as one about to cross the Rubicon—"Lord Stranleigh, I am ready to walk the plank."

When Lord Stranleigh emerged from the captain's cabin of the Rajah, he drew a long, satisfying breath of the sweet evening air outside. At a word from him, the captain of the yacht drew her alongside the Rajah, and the engines of both steamers stopped. Captain Wilkie, forewarned, had all his belongings packed, and they were speedily swung aboard the black steamer. The captain of the Rajah and his mate flung their possessions into boxes, and thus the transfer was made without loss of time.

"Mackeller," said Stranleigh, "I fear that luxury is thrown away on you, and, besides, experience on the yacht has shown you that there is little chance of anything exciting happening. It must discourage you to remember that none of your repeating rifles has even been unpacked, so I will cause the cases to be swung aboard the Rajah, with sufficient ammunition to massacre our entire naval force, and I'll give you six of my gamekeepers. You can either use the gamekeepers to shoot the crew, or arm the crew and eliminate the gamekeepers. Will you accept the commission, and sail for home on the comfortless Rajah?"

"I shall be delighted, sir," said Mackeller.

"You see, I feel just a little uncertain about the wisdom of leaving Captain Wilkie unprotected with what is, after all, a strange crew. It is well that he should have a bloodthirsty commander and irresistible force at his beck and call. But remember, Peter, that for every sailor you shoot one of your gamekeepers must take to the sailoring trade, which might turn out inconvenient in a storm. So call for six volunteers from among my men, and then fling your trunk aboard the lugger, after which it will be good-by till I meet you again at Plymouth."

When the exchange was completed, the white yacht drew away from the tramp and speedily disappeared to the north. Captain Wilkie watched her departure with regret, while the new commander of the yacht felt equally out of place in this trim, scrupulously clean, nickel-plated, bride's-cake of a ship. However, the bluff captain understood his business, no matter what costume he wore, and Stranleigh, studying him unobtrusively as the voyage went on, came to have great confidence in him. Fast as

his yacht was, however, the young man had become tired of the voyage. He yearned for his morning paper, and a stroll down Piccadilly.

One afternoon the captain strolled aft.

"Captain," Stranleigh said, "I have changed my mind, and you must change your course. Instead of striking straight across from Ushant to Plymouth, steer your course up the Channel for Southampton."

"Very good, Earl."

"And when we reach Southampton Water I'll go ashore in the motor-boat, will call on the land agent, secure the estate of five acres, give the deeds to your wife, and invite her and the family to come up and view the cottage. If you will come ashore I'll introduce you to the family. You may stop all night ashore. Next morning take the yacht and navigate her slowly round to Plymouth. There you may give everybody shore leave, but don't overdo it. You understand what I want, and that is that no man shall talk about the mine in West Africa or the transfer in mid-ocean; so I expect you to keep your section of the crew in hand. I can answer for my fellows. Oh, yes, by the way, I'll take my woodmen off at noon to-morrow, together with all that are left of my gamekeepers, and send them home, including the excellent Ponderby; so you will have none to deal with except those belonging to the yacht."

The Woman in White did even better than the captain anticipated, and landed her owner in Southampton at ten minutes to eleven the next forenoon. He bade farewell to his men, and dispatched them to their homes, none the poorer for their long voyage. He visited the land agent's office, transacted his business within ten minutes, drew his check, and told the manager to have the papers ready by twelve o'clock next day.

At six o'clock that same day, Lord Stranleigh had the felicity of introducing the captain to his possessions, human and material, old and new. Then he rushed back in his motor-boat, and took the first fast train to London.

A cab from the London terminus speedily deposited Lord Stranleigh at his favorite club in Pall Mall. Two acquaintances coming down the steps nodded to him casually—so casually that the salutation, taken in conjunction with the lack of all interest displayed by the men whom he encountered in the club smoking-room when he entered, caused him to realize that he had never been missed.

In spite of being "touched" for varying amounts, however, Lord Stranleigh enjoyed to the full his return to the metropolis, and for many days strolled down Piccadilly with the easy grace of a man about town, the envy of less fortunate people who knew him.

This period of indolence was put an end to by the receipt of a telegram from Mackeller. That capable young man had sent his message from the northwest corner of Brittany, having ordered the Rajah to be run into the roadstead of Brest. The communication informed Stranleigh that Mackeller had hoisted up a portion of the cargo and placed it aboard a lugger, which was to sail direct for Portreath. This transshipment of part of the cargo had brought the Plimsoll's mark on the side of the Rajah into view once more, and the steamer might now enter the harbor of Plymouth without danger of being haled before the authorities, charged with overloading. He expected to reach Plymouth next day.

Stranleigh was lunching at home that day because in the morning he had been favored with a telephone call, and, on putting the receiver to his ear, had distinguished the still, small voice of Conrad Schwartzbrod, who appeared to be trying to say something with reference to the Rajah. Stranleigh was afflicted with a certain dislike of the telephone, and often manifested an impatience with its working which he did not usually show when confronted with the greater evils of life, so, after telling the good Mr. Schwartzbrod to stand farther away from the transmitter, to come closer, to speak louder, he at last admitted he could not understand what was being said, and invited the financier to call upon him at his house that afternoon at half-past two o'clock, if what he had to say seemed to him to be important enough to justify a journey from the city to the West End.

At the luncheon table Mackeller's long telegram was handed to him, and, after he had read it, Stranleigh smiled as he thought how nearly its arrival had coincided with Schwartzbrod's visit, and he wondered how much the latter would give for its perusal if he knew of its existence. He surmised that the Stock Exchange magnate was becoming a little anxious because of the non-arrival of the Rajah at Lisbon, where, doubtless, his emissaries awaited her. In spite of his pretense of misapprehension, he had heard quite distinctly at the telephone receiver that Schwartzbrod had just learned he was the owner of the Rajah, and that he wished to renew his charter of that slow-going, deliberate steam vessel; but he could not deny himself the pleasure of cross-questioning so crafty an opponent face to face. He had been expecting an application from Conrad Schwartzbrod for some days, and now it had arrived almost too late, for he directed Ponderby to secure him a berth on the Plymouth express for that night.

The young nobleman did not receive the elderly capitalist in his business office downstairs, but greeted him, instead, in the ample and luxurious drawing-room on the first floor, where Stranleigh, enjoying the liberty of a bachelor, was smoking an after-luncheon cigar.

The furtive old man was palpably nervous and ill at ease. He was sitting on the extreme edge of an elegant chair, and appeared not to know exactly what to do with his hands.

The news which had reached him from Sparling and Bilge in Southampton, that Lord Stranleigh was the new owner of the Rajah, had disquieted Schwartzbrod, and his manner showed this to his indolent host, who lounged back in an easy chair, calmly viewing the newcomer with an

"Well, You Won't Get It," Cried the Master Angrily

expression of countenance that was almost cherublike in its innocence.

Presently, Lord Stranleigh said: "You have come west, temporarily, to see me about some matter which the telephone delighted in mixing up with buzzings and rattlings and intermittent chattering that made your theme difficult to comprehend. Perhaps, you will be good enough to let me know in what way I may serve you."

"At the time when I expected to operate the goldfield, which you know of, my lord, I chartered a steamer named the Rajah, at Southampton."

"Oh, the Rajah!" interrupted his lordship, sitting up, a gleam of intelligent comprehension animating his face. "The Rajah was what you were trying to say? I thought you were speaking of a 'jolly roger.' Roger was the word that came over to me, and 'jolly roger' means the flag of a pirate ship, or something pertaining to piracy; so I, recognizing your voice, thinks to myself: 'What can a respectable city personage mean by speaking of the "jolly roger," as if he were a captain of buccaneers?' Oh, yes, the Rajah! *Now* I understand. Go on, Mr. Schwartzbrod."

The personage seemed to turn a trifle more sallow than usual as the other went on enthusiastically talking of pirate ships and buccaneers, but he surmised that the young nobleman meant nothing in particular, and, presently, moistening his lips, he found voice:

"I was about to say, my lord, that I had chartered the Rajah from a firm of shipping people at Southampton, intending to use her in the development of the mineral property in West Africa. That property having passed from the hands of myself and my associates into yours, my lord, I determined to employ the Rajah in the South American cattle trade, as we own an extensive tract of territory in the Argentine, the interests of which we are endeavoring to forward with the ultimate object of floating a company."

Again the prospective company promoter moistened his lips when they had safely delivered this interesting piece of fiction.

"So the Rajah has gone to the Argentine Republic, has she?" said Stranleigh.

"Yes, my lord."

"Filled with dynamite and mining machinery, eh? Surely a remarkable cargo for a herdsman to transport, Mr. Schwartzbrod?"

"Well, you see, my lord, the dynamite and machinery were on our hands, and as there are many mines in South America we thought we could sell the cargo there to better advantage than in Southampton."

"Of course, I don't in the least doubt, Mr. Schwartzbrod, that you own large ranches in South America, but I strongly suspect ——"

He paused and opened his eyes to half width, looking quizzically at his vis-à-vis.

"You strongly suspect what, my lord?" muttered Schwartzbrod.

"I suspect that you own a mine in South America that you are keeping very quiet about."

"Well, my lord," confessed Schwartzbrod, with apparent diffidence, "it is rarely wise to speak of these things prematurely."

"That is quite true, and I have really no wish to pry into your secrets; but, to tell the truth, I felt a little sore about your action with regard to the Rajah."

"My action? What action?"

"You must admit, Mr. Schwartzbrod, that when I acquired those so-called goldfields, I became possessor of everything the company owned, or, at least, I thought I did. Now, in the company was vested the charter of the Rajah, and it was the company's money which bought all the materials with which you have sailed away to South America. It, therefore, seemed to me—I don't wish to put it harshly—that you had, practically, made off with a portion of my property."

"You astonish me, my lord. It never occurred to me that such a view could be held by any one, especially one like yourself, so well acquainted with the facts."

Stranleigh shrugged his shoulders.

"Acquainted with the facts? Oh, I don't know that I'm so very well versed in them. I'm not a business man, Mr. Schwartzbrod, and although I engage business men to look after my interests, it seems to me that sometimes they are not as sharp as they might be. I thought, after the acquisition of the company's property, that the charter of the Rajah and the contents of her hold belonged to me, just as much as the company's money in the bank did, or as its gold in West Africa."

"I assure you, my lord, you are mistaken. The Rajah and her charter were not mentioned in the documents of agreement between you and me, while the money in the bank was. But, aside from all that, my lord, you gave me a document covering all that had been done previous to its signing, and the Rajah had sailed for South America several days before that instrument was completed. Everything was done legally, and under the advice of competent solicitors—yours and mine."

"Do not mistake me, Mr. Schwartzbrod; I am not complaining at all, nor even doubting the legality of the documents to which you refer. I am merely saying that I thought the Rajah and her cargo were to be turned over to me. There, doubtless, I was mistaken. It seems to me, after all, Mr. Schwartzbrod, that there is a higher criterion of action than mere legality. You, probably, would be the first to admit that there is such a thing as moral right which may not happen to coincide with legal right."

"Assuredly, assuredly, my lord. I should be very sorry indeed to infringe upon any moral law, but, unfortunately, in this defective world, my lord, experience has shown that it is always well to set down in plain black and white exactly what a man means when a transfer is made, otherwise your remembrance of what was intended may differ entirely from mine, and yet each of us may be scrupulously honest in our contention."

"Yes, you have me there, Mr. Schwartzbrod. I see the force of your reasoning, and a man has only himself to blame if he neglects those necessary precautions which you have mentioned; so we will say nothing more about that phase of the matter, but you will easily understand that, having thought myself entitled to the use of the Rajah, I may not feel myself inclined to renew your charter now."

"Ah, there again, my lord, it is all set down in black and white. The charter distinctly states that I am to have the option of renewal for a further three months when the first three months has expired."

"You corner me at every point of the game, Mr. Schwartzbrod. I take it, then, that my purchase of the Rajah does not invalidate the arrangement made with you by her former owners?"

"Certainly not, my lord. If you buy a property, you take over all its liabilities."

"That seems just and reasonable. So your application for renewal is a mere formality, against which any objection of mine would be futile?"

"Did not Sparling and Bilge explain to you, my lord, that the steamer was under charter?"

"I never saw those estimable gentlemen, Mr. Schwartzbrod. The purchase was made by an agent of mine, and I have no doubt Sparling and Bilge made him acquainted with all the liabilities I was acquiring. If you insist on exercising your option, Mr. Schwartzbrod, I suppose I must either postpone the development of my gold-bearing property, or charter another steamer?"

"I should be sorry to put you to the trouble and expense of chartering another boat when the Rajah is so well suited to your purpose, my lord. It is possible that, even before the first charter is completed, the Rajah may have returned to Southampton, and our experiments in the cattle trade may end with the first voyage. In that case I shall be very pleased to relinquish my claim upon your steamer."

"That is very good of you, Mr. Schwartzbrod. By the way, where is the Rajah now?"

"She is probably in some port along the Argentine coast, south of Buenos Ayres."

"Really? Then perhaps you can tell me where Mackeller is?"

"Mackeller? You mean the mining engineer, son of the stockbroker?"

"Yes. I thought he was in my employment, and sent him down to attend the loading of the Rajah, but he has disappeared. Did you engage him?"

"No, I know nothing of him."

"I think he should have given me notice if he intended to quit my service. Probably he has gone hunting a gold mine for himself. Now, I take it with regard to this charter that I have to sign something, haven't I? although I suppose I shouldn't sign until my solicitors are consulted. Still, I feel quite safe in your hands, Mr. Schwartzbrod, and if you will send me the document, and mark with a lead-pencil where my signature is to go, I shall attend to it."

"I have brought the papers with me, my lord," said the financier eagerly, extracting them from his pocket.

"Could you also oblige me with a fountain pen? Ah, thanks. You go about fully equipped for business, Mr. Schwartzbrod. That's what it is to be a methodical man."

His lordship cleared a little space on the table, and wrote his name at the bottom of two documents, which, however, he took the precaution to read with some care before attaching his autograph to them, in spite of his disclaimer that he understood nothing about these things. Schwartzbrod put the papers into his pocket with a satisfaction he could scarcely conceal; then, standing up, he buttoned his coat, ever so much more alert than the weary young man, half his age, who stood up from his writing as if the exertion had almost exhausted him. He, however, made a quiet, casual remark in parting that suddenly electrified the room, and made his guest shiver and turn pale.

"When did you say you expected the Rajah from Lisbon, Mr. Schwartzbrod?"

For a few moments there was intense stillness. Stranleigh was lighting another cigar, and did not look up at the terror-stricken man, whose bulging eyes were filled with fear.

"Lisbon—Lisbon?" he gasped, trying to secure control of his features. "I—I never mentioned Lisbon."

"Oh, yes, you did. You said she was at some point south of Lisbon, didn't you?"

"I said Buenos Ayres."

Stranleigh made a gesture of impatience, as if he were annoyed with himself.

"Why, of course you said Buenos Ayres. How stupid of me! I am always mixing these foreign places up. Well, good-afternoon, Mr. Schwartzbrod. Anything else I can do for you, you know, don't hesitate to call on me. We financiers must stand by one another while times are so bad in the city."

The young man stood at the head of the stairs, a cigar between his lips. When Schwartzbrod reached the floor below he cast one look over his shoulder up the stair. The young man nodded pleasantly, and "Ta-ta" he said, but the expression on Schwartzbrod's face could not have shown greater perturbation if Satan himself had occupied Stranleigh's place.

"A very uncomfortable companion is an uneasy conscience, even in the city," said Stranleigh to himself, as he turned away.

Schwartzbrod hailed a cab, and drove down to his office in the city; anxious about the Rajah; glad he had secured the renewal of the charter without protest or investigation; uneasy regarding Stranleigh's apparently purposeless remarks about pirates and Lisbon. Arriving at his office, he rang for his confidential clerk.

"Any word from Lisbon?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir. The same code word. No sign of the Rajah there, sir."

"How long is it since you sent warning to all our agents along the Atlantic Coast and the Mediterranean to look out for her?"

"Just a week to-day, sir, and a wire came in shortly after you left, from our man at Brest. I'd have telephoned you, sir, if I had known where you had gone."

"Give it to me, give it to me, give it to me," repeated Schwartzbrod impatiently. He clutched it in his trembling hands, and read:

> Steamer flying English flag, named Rajah, Wilkie, captain, in roadstead to-day. Unloading ore into lugger.

The moral Mr. Schwartzbrod now gave way to a paroxysm of bitter language that was dreadful to hear, but his stolid clerk seemed used to it, and bent his head before the storm. During a lull for lack of breath he ventured one remark:

"It can't be our ship, sir. Our man is Captain Simmons."

"What has that to do with it, you fool?" roared Schwartzbrod. "That old scoundrel Simmons can easily change his name. He's sold me out, the sanctimonious hound. Very likely he and Frowningshield are both in the plot against me. Simmons is a thief, for all his canting objections when he was striking a bargain. I don't believe Frowningshield's any better, and he's got more brains. They'll smelt the ore in France, after carrying it to some suitable spot along the coast in sailing boats. But it'll take two or three days to unload, and I'll give old Simmons a fright before that is done. See if there's a steamer from Southampton to St. Malo to-night. If not I must go to Brest by way of Paris. I can't trust this job to any one else."

As it happened, there was a boat that evening for St. Malo, and so the two persons who had indulged in a long conversation regarding the Rajah that afternoon were each in pursuit of her, moving westward; Schwartzbrod in his berth on board the St. Malo boat, Stranleigh in his berth on the Plymouth express, while between the two the staunch old Rajah was threshing her way across the Channel between Brest and Plymouth, heading for the latter seaport.

Next day Stranleigh greeted Mackeller with something almost approaching enthusiasm. Neither of them had the least suspicion that the stop at Brest had put the opposition on the trail.

The Rajah's stay at Plymouth was very short, merely giving time for the crew of the yacht to take its station aboard the Rajah, under command of Captain Wilkie, while the crew that had brought the Rajah into port was placed in the care of Captain Simmons, whose big steamer, the Wychwood, was not yet ready to sail. The Rajah then rounded the southwest corner of England, and found a berth in the little haven of Portreath, within easy distance of the smelting furnace. The Rajah was unloaded with the utmost speed, and the ore conveyed as quickly as possible to the inclosure which surrounded the smelting furnace. The engineer of the Rajah reported certain defects in engines and boilers that needed to be seen to and mended before it was safe to face so long a voyage again. Therefore, that no time should be lost, the Rajah was hurried back to Plymouth to undergo the necessary repairs.

Lord Stranleigh himself and Mackeller took train to Redruth, from which station they drove together to the copper mine, Stranleigh having given Mackeller a statement of profit and loss on the mine, and instructing him what he should say when he met the manager of the mine.

Arriving at the office of the works, Mackeller consulted with the manager, while Lord Stranleigh, beautifully attired in fine garments quite unsuitable for such a locality, strolled around, taking such intelligent interest in his environment as a casual tourist displays in unaccustomed surroundings.

At last the manager and Mackeller came out of the office together, and word was sent down the pit that all the miners were to come up. An uneasy feeling spread among the employees that something unpleasant was about to happen. Their intuition was justified when all the men were gathered together, and the manager began to speak. He informed them that the reopening of the mine had been merely an experiment, and he regretted to add that this experiment had failed through the simple elementary fact that the amount of copper produced cost more than it would fetch in the metal market of the world. Operations had been conducted at a loss, and the proprietor was thus reluctantly compelled to disband his forces, all except four of the six smelters, who would remain to assist in converting into ingots the remnant of the ore which had been mined.

The manager, after a pause, continued. The proprietor, he said, was Lord Stranleigh, and he had given orders which, for generosity, the manager in all his experience thought was unexampled. Each man was to receive a year's pay. At this announcement the gloom suddenly lifted, and a resounding cheer went up from the men.

"And now," concluded the manager, "as Lord Stranleigh is himself present, he will perhaps choose from the six smelters the four whom he wishes to employ."

Stranleigh had been standing apart from the group, listening to the eloquence of the manager, and now every one turned and looked at him with more than ordinary interest. His hands, as usual, were in his pockets. Slowly he removed his left hand from his pocket.

"I think, Mr. Manager," he said, "we will retain all six," and so the congregation was dismissed.

The hoisting gang was retained until all tools and movable ore were removed from the bottom of the mine to the surface of the earth. Stranleigh himself went down when the cage made its last trip, and there, by torchlight, examined the workings, listening to explanations by Mackeller.

At the first smelting the gold was run into ingots weighing about a hundred pounds each. When the smelters had departed for the day, and the gates were closed, Stranleigh said to Mackeller:

"Come along, and I'll show you my safe-deposit vaults."

With this he hoisted to his shoulder one of the ingots, still warm, walked to the mouth of the pit, and flung it into space.

"Not a bad idea," growled Mackeller, as he followed the example of his chief, until between them all the gold from the first smelting rested on the deep and dark floor of the mine.

One day, as the two were sitting together, a telegram was brought in to Lord Stranleigh. The young man laughed when he read it, and tossed it across the table to Mackeller, who read:

> Rajah ready to sail, but to-day was taken possession of by legal authorities under action of a man named Schwartzbrod. I am under arrest charged with stealing the Rajah. No objection going to prison, but await instructions.
>
> WILKIE, Captain.

"By Jove, the enemy has tracked her," ejaculated Peter. "I wonder how they did it."

"That isn't the point to wonder over, Peter, when you remember that the arrival and departure of shipping is announced in every morning paper. The wonder is that they didn't get hold of her some days ago. And now, Peter, I am going to desert you. Continue the smelting as if we had not parted, and fling as many bars of gold down that pit as you can, thankful that for our purposes it is not bottomless, even though the possession of too much gold may lead to such."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of six stories dealing with the adventures of Lord Stranleigh of Wychwood. The sixth and last tale, telling of the great, final, financial struggle between Stranleigh and Schwartzbrod, will appear in an early number.

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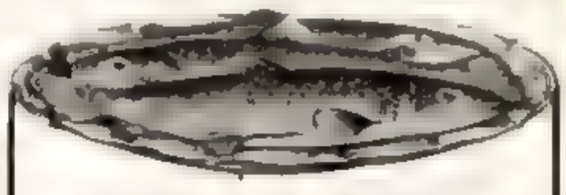

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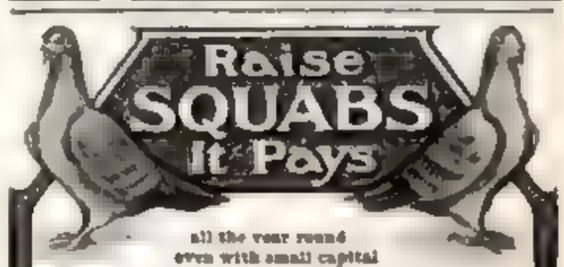

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YOUR SAVINGS

The Weekly Bank Statement: What it Is and Means

NO MATTER in what part of the United States you live, if you pick up a newspaper on Saturday afternoon or Sunday morning and read the financial news from New York, you will see prominent reference to the weekly bank statement. If you read, for example, the reports of trading in the stock market, you will very likely see something like this: "Trading, up to the publication of the bank statement, was dull. After its appearance a forward movement set in, which carried prices upward." Or, perhaps, you will read: "The publication of the bank statement led to an advance in money rates," or: "There was a feeling of relief when it became known that the bank statement showed a large increase in reserve."

Thus it is quite evident that, whenever the bank statement becomes known, things of significance to the financial world happen. People, and especially people who have money, or hope to have money to invest, are constantly asking: "What is the weekly bank statement, and what does it mean?" An effort is here made to answer that question in concrete terms.

The Value of Banks

In the first place, there could be no bank statement without banks, and it might be of interest to see just what the bank does in the work of finance. The bank, to begin with, is, perhaps, the most important factor in the vast machinery of modern business. It is the agent that has helped more largely than any other to make possible the structure of credit. Since about ninety per cent. of the world's business is done on credit, you may get some idea of the bank's place and part in the large drama of world progress.

Money is the basis of credit. If you have no money, you have no credit. Through credit the power of money is greatly increased, for it enables one dollar to do the work of a number of dollars.

The original banker was a mere money-lender; to-day the banker, with the aid of money and credit, shapes the destinies of trade and other empires. If banks, therefore, are prosperous and have plenty of money to lend, the world of business breathes easy, and there is a feeling of security. Men who barter and trade (and all business, whether it is railroad, stock-exchange or store, is trading) will do more bartering and trading when they know that the banks are in good condition. But when fear, disaster, politics, or any of those subtle causes that menace credit, shatter public confidence and cause business to decrease in volume, the banks are among the first to feel it and to show it. They become cautious. If they have a great deal of money out in the shape of loans, they will call it in.

This causes business people inconvenience; sometimes they cannot raise the money due the banks, and they fail. Other people who have money in banks become alarmed and take it out. Banks thus lose some of their tools of trade. Credit is impaired and panic looms large. The bank, in short, becomes a sort of barometer of financial conditions.

When people know the condition of the great banks of the country, they know the status of the whole world of finance, and money is the sinews of modern business. Hence the interest with which the weekly bank statement is awaited, because it is the public declaration of the weekly condition of a large group of New York's biggest banks.

One-Fifth of Our Loans

The weekly bank statement is sent out by the New York Clearing House. Every city of consequence has a Clearing House, which is an institution supported by the banks, in which they settle their business with one another, instead of settling it individually. It saves much time, labor and expense. The New York Clearing House is the largest and most important in the country, not only because New York is the financial centre of the United States, but because the New York banks which comprise its membership, and the other New York banks, hold approximately one-fifth of all the loans in the country.

The weekly bank statement that you see every Saturday is the statement of the banks that comprise the membership of the New York Clearing House, and it is upon their condition that part of the country's credit depends. These banks number fifty-four, of which thirty are national banks. Two of the latter, the National City Bank and the National Bank of Commerce, have a capital of twenty-five million dollars each.

The Clearing House requires that each of these associated banks shall submit a statement of its average condition for the six business days preceding, at eleven o'clock Saturday morning. If it is a matter of loans, for example, the bank does not send the actual amount of loans outstanding, but the average for the week based on the average of each day. Thus the statement is not actual, but average. The specific items that the Clearing House requires reports on are: capital, net profits, circulation, loans, specie, legal tender, deposits. Circulation means the amount of notes bearing the bank's name, and which are secured by deposits of Government bonds.

The banks send in this information on printed slips furnished by the association. As soon as all are in, the total is made up by expert accountants as speedily as possible. Elaborate precautions are taken to prevent the information from getting out ahead of time. No one is allowed to leave the Clearing House; telephone communication is forbidden, and members of the Clearing-House Association scrupulously refrain from visiting the institution while the statement is being made up. As much haste as care permits is exercised, because, in every city in the country, financiers and business men are waiting for the results.

It is usually about half-past eleven o'clock when the statement is completed and the summaries ready for distribution. Three copies are made—one for the stock-exchange ticker, one for the Western Union Telegraph Company, and a third for the ticker of the largest Wall Street news bureau. There is an operator at each wire, and each gets the summary at the same moment. In less than a minute it is speeding over the circuits, being ticked out in hundreds of places, and soon it is all over the country, telling the world what the condition of the big New York banks is.

Only the summary is sent out over the wires and through the tickers. The detailed statement is rushed to the printer, and, in half an hour, the printed sheets, containing the specific information about each bank, the week's clearings, the day's clearings, with the previous week's transactions, are ready for distribution by boys.

The Meaning of the Reserve

The summary that goes out on the ticker is the important news, as this is sufficient for the banker, broker, or man familiar with financial matters, to tell just what the state of finance is. It contains the following items, in terms of increase or decrease, given in their order of importance: reserve, loans, specie, legal tender, deposits.

The most important item of all is the reserve. The National Banking Law requires all national banks to keep twenty-five per cent. of their deposits on hand in specie and legal tender. This is the legal reserve. Specie is gold or silver money, and legal tender is bills and notes.

State banks—that is, banks other than national—are only required to keep fifteen per cent., but, by an unwritten law, they conform to the national requirement. When the cash holdings of a bank exceed the amount required by law, they are said to have a surplus; when the amount is below the legal limit, it is a deficit.

The reserve, or surplus reserve, as it is technically called, is the difference between the surplus required by law and the actual amount of cash on hand. Since a bank works with money, it is apparent that to know the amount of reserve is a very important thing. If banks, for example, use up a lot of their money, or lose it by withdrawals of all kinds, they will show a deficit.

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The news of a deficit sometimes has a bad effect on the stock market. It means "tight" or scarce money; interest rates advance; holders of securities sometimes become alarmed, and, at a time of stringency of money, will sell their stocks for what they will bring. This feeling is contagious, and causes a "slump" or even a panic. A good bank statement is usually one that shows a healthy increase in reserve as compared with former statements, and this means that money is, or will be, easier (plentiful and cheap).

In studying or analyzing the bank statement, four things must be considered: reserve, outstanding loans, deposits, and cash holdings.

The reserve has already been explained. The loan statement shows that the bank is either expanding or contracting. Contraction means the calling in of loans, and this often works a hardship on the borrower and is indicative of an advance in rates of interest. Then people find it harder to get money, and business may be materially affected.

A large deposit, however, does not always mean a large amount of money on hand. By the process of relending, the same deposit may be expanded to a larger sum, because the various people to whom the bank lends the money deposit it in the bank again.

A big decrease in cash holdings (specie and legal tender) may not be due to unnatural causes, and, therefore, need not cause any alarm. There are many legitimate ways to decrease these cash holdings.

In the first place, the New York banks, whose business is set forth in the weekly statement, are the depositories for hundreds of country banks—that is, banks all over the country. It frequently happens that these banks need money, particularly at crop-moving time, when hands on the farms must be paid and when the actual money must be shipped West. This depletes the holdings and sometimes causes a strain. Again, the banks may export gold to Europe, which reduces specie.

The trust companies, too, all of which do a banking business, often deposit huge sums of money in the New York banks and withdraw it when interest rates are high, so they can get the benefit of lending it at these rates.

Often when money becomes scarce the Government comes to the relief of the market by depositing the customs money, or extending loans, or buying bonds. This and other phases of "money" will be taken up in a subsequent article.

The bank statement is not quite so important in its bearing on the financial situation as it used to be. There was a time when a change in it meant a flurry in the stock market. Now, it is often discounted. Statisticians get daily reports from some of the banks, and these, together with the daily reports of the holdings and withdrawals of Government money, permit a pretty accurate forecast to be made sometimes. Bankers cannot always wait until the end of the week for news.

Another factor which has lessened the importance of the weekly statement as reflecting the condition of New York banking is the invasion of the banking field by the trust companies, as their activities are very large and important. But of this there is no report in the statement, for the trust companies are not members of the Clearing House.

IN THE OPEN

American Sportsmen Abroad—Yachts and Amateur Sailors

IN THIS year of international and competitive struggles among golfers, and yachtsmen, and cricketers, and horsemen, and players of tennis, both in court and on lawn, perhaps, the one contest with the most significant results for America was the horse show held during the first half of June, at Olympia, in London. It was the first time that American breeders had invaded England to any extent for the purposes of a trial before judges against the home product; and, so far as the trotter stock is concerned, the experience took on the nature of a triumph, while, considering its comparatively few representatives, the entire American entry did very well indeed. To horsemen on both sides of the Atlantic it was rather a surprise that the carriage animals of the American exhibitors should average up so closely to the English, and it certainly was a proud moment for the visitors when Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, the most conspicuous of American contestants, succeeded in carrying off the blue ribbon in the important four-in-hand class with the four grays which already had become famous at home.

In the matter of carriage horses, it is somewhat difficult to place credit where it may belong in this country, because there appears to be no breeding to a type, but rather an annual scurrying around by wealthy exhibitors for individuals likely to prove ribbon winners. The predominating blood, however, in the majority of the finest carriage horses in America undoubtedly is trotter—that splendid and true American type which we overlooked too long in an effort to keep pace with the whims of fashion. It is this trotter blood which is responsible for the most serviceable horses and the largest number of blue-ribbon winners in any one American season of horse shows; it always has been so; only fashionable owners failed to recognize its quality and its possibilities until quite recent years, and now even the most ardent supporter of the imported hackney will acknowledge that his pet blood is improved by a crossing with the trotter.

The Get of the Trotter Blood

And it has taken a show on foreign land to prove the commanding and invincible elements of this native of America! The greatest personal success of the London show was achieved by Mr. Walter Winans, the American who has so long resided in England, and who maintains a very large stable in which the American trotter is overwhelmingly in the majority. Mr. Winans captured something like forty cups and ribbons, and in an interview after the show he said: "I think it has been demonstrated that the American trotter is the best horse in the world." We think so, too, and we take this occasion to suggest to our horse-owning readers that they look into the efforts being made in New England and in the Middle West to build up the dying Morgan stock and to establish a carriage type from trotter blood that will be a credit to its noble ancestry.

The Blue-Grass Mount

Next to Mr. Winans, the most noteworthy winning of native American blood was by a Kentucky saddle-horse, which secured a second prize in the championship event; and to have secured a second against the magnificent saddle-horse display of All-England, with its well-known predilections for certain types, is to have gained high honor. Curiously enough, and as indicating the vagaries of national horse-showing disposition, the American victory on which the English press bestowed the greatest praise was the capture by Sir Humphrey of the gold cup for the best hackney stallion in the show.. There is no doubt that Sir Humphrey deserved the cup, for he is a grand example of this English breed; but there was nothing American about his winning except ownership, for the horse was bred where so recently he won the highest renown of his career. It is equally as sensible to credit, as was done, the successes of Winans to England.

If an American resident of England wins events with American-bred horses, and his victories are credited to England, how many American-owned hackney stallions showing in England will it take to awaken the Americans, who have the best horse in the world—and do not know it?

It is an interesting fact that there is always more general activity in yachting in the years when there is to be no race for the America's Cup than in the seasons when every one's thought is directed to the chances of keeping this time-honored trophy on its native heath. It does not follow from this that home yachting prospers better without international racing.

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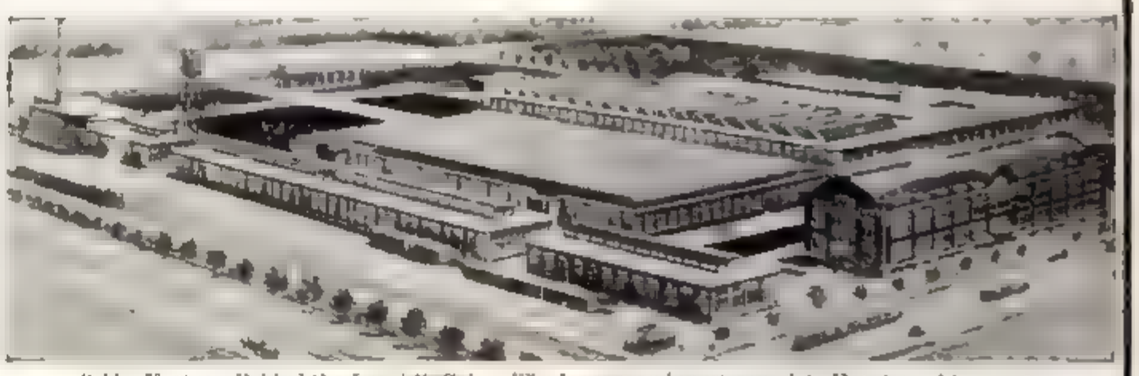

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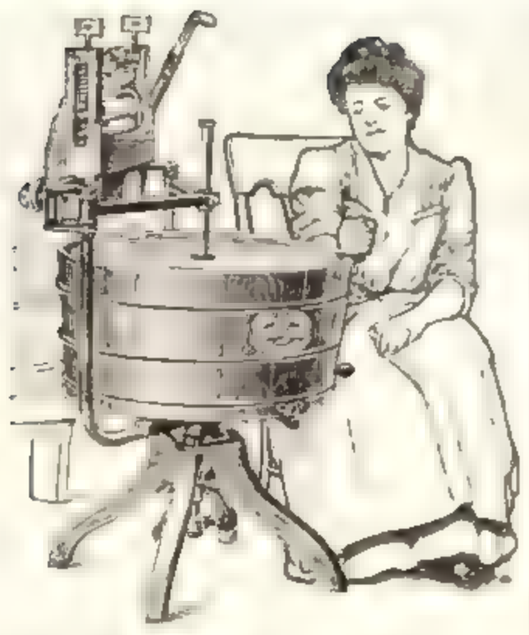

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but it does follow that all yachting, both at home and in foreign waters, is much better off without the unhealthful freak design which the America's Cup rivalry has been instrumental in loading upon the yachting world. Sir Thomas Lipton, the erstwhile perennial challenger, has apparently no plans for immediate action — at least he has not taken the press into his confidence to that extent, as he would be likely to do if he were contemplating another publicity-sporting campaign in America; and there appears to be no other foreigner with an overpowering desire to venture one hundred thousand dollars on a try for this blue ribbon of the sea which the old America won from all the best of Great Britain so many years ago as to have become only a memory.

Exit the Freak Type

Whether or not it is the result of cause and effect, the fact is that we have had no recent America's Cup racing, and that for the last two years the activity in general yachting has been so great as to be almost epoch-making. And ninety per cent. of this activity is among the small-boat owners, the ones most important in the development and in the prosperity of American yachting, the ones to whom we must look for the future defenders of the Cup. One of the most important results of this activity has been an attempt to formulate uniform measurement-rules, with a very fair degree of success; and another, even more important, has been a revulsion against the freak type.

In fact, it may be said that the trend today among yachtsmen is for a sound and wholesome type of boat. This has been brought about by the absurd lengths to which the freak types were carried and also by the increasing interest in deep-sea racing. Not only is there growing a wish for a more wholesome boat, but there is growing a desire for the more wholesome conditions of racing furnished by strictly amateur crews, which means the skill of our Corinthian sailormen is improving, and the clubs are beginning to appreciate that the one way to bring success to the sport and to hold it is to get the members of the clubs actively interested. Yacht-racing, even at its best, is not particularly exciting for the onlooker, and any rocking-chair fleet, be the push-buttons never so numerous and the waiters never so prompt, is sure to disband when the ice has run out, without leaving one solitary mark to the good of the sport.

Amateurs of the Lakes

An excellent exhibition of the extent to which the uplift movement is being carried is furnished in the West by the Columbia Yacht Club, which has charge of the arrangements for the Chicago-to-Mackinac cruise — three hundred and fifty miles — and has ruled that the crews of the competing boats must be entirely composed of amateurs. That is a worthy example set by the amateurs of the Lakes for the host of Corinthians along the Atlantic coast — and whoever of the East fancies that sailing a boat on the Lakes is play for the cabin-boy is revealing deep ignorance of lake possibilities; there is no water which demands, on occasion, so much of those who would navigate it safely as that confined in what we call the Great Lakes.

Some idea of the boom which has come to yachting in recent years may be gained from the yachts of sufficient size to be recorded or registered, which now number nearly thirty-five hundred, divided among some five hundred yacht clubs. How many unregistered ones there are is difficult to estimate, but probably twice thirty-five hundred, at the lowest figure, if we are to take into account the rivers and the small inland lakes. The best part of the activity is its natural growth and its healthful fun-giving. Nor is the international flavor of competition lacking, for in the present season three events of that character are scheduled: (1) The visit of the American so-called "sonder" class to Kiel, and afterward to Spanish waters; (2) the Canada's Cup race off Charlotte Harbor, Lake Ontario, and (3) the dory race between Massachusetts and a Nova Scotia club's representatives. The "sonder" boat originated in Germany, and made its first appearance last year on this side of the Atlantic in an unsuccessful attempt to beat some Americans of the same design. This year the German boats are reported to represent what the Germans learned by their defeat and close observation of their American conquerors.

Although sometimes there are slight misunderstandings, on the whole international contest has much to commend it, and I have always believed in such competition thoroughly. we can learn a lot, even from Germans — if not in the design of their boats, then in the energy with which recruits and trial racers are drawn to the support of the event. With England, competition is educational for us both: we learn much about the game, whether it be golf or lawn tennis or polo, and they have the opportunity of correcting some of the extraordinary impressions which they have formed from their myopic press, or from observing certain types of us who go often to London and Paris and are very much in evidence while there.

It is a great pity that the athletic meet between Oxford-Cambridge and Harvard-Yale could not have been brought off this season, for such an event brings excellent young stock of both countries together, and each acquires some indelible and right knowledge of the other. The more of this kind of meeting we have the less attention will be given the misrepresentations of us, which are forever and a day finding their way into the columns of the British press.

Foolhardy Canoeists

Not many Sundays ago a young man and a young woman ventured out on the Hudson River in a light Indian model sixteen-foot canoe. It was a blustery afternoon, with a fairly strong wind blowing up-river. The young woman was an expert with the paddle, but could not swim; the young man knew scarcely anything about canoeing, and could swim only a little. 'Twas surely a disaster-courting venture under the rough water conditions which prevailed; and so the girl's mother appeared to think, for she begged her daughter not to go. However, they went, regardless of parental entreaty (which should have been reinforced by hobbles and a rope), were upset in trying to make way across the short, choppy waves, and the girl was drowned because the man could not take her to safety and she did not have strength enough to hold on to the canoe until rescued.

Is it not remarkable how often this sort of an accident happens? Is it not even more remarkable that parents permit their children to grow into young men and women without learning to swim, or allow them to risk drowning by getting into a canoe when they cannot swim? Of all floating things easy to upset, the canoe is the easiest, but the penalty for ignorance is the same at the fateful moment, whether it be canoe or rowboat.

There is, of course, the philosophic refuge of the fatalist that, had it not been drowning, it might have been appendicitis; but that brings no relief to parental anguish or lessens the father's duty to have his children taught to swim, even if he himself has kept his head above water to reach the age of indiscretion. —"FAIR-PLAY."

A Toe for a Thumb

DECIDEDLY novel in a surgical way was an operation recently performed by a Berlin physician upon a young man who had lost the thumb of his right hand in early childhood. Only a stump of the missing member was left—just enough to be of no use whatever.

The physician asked the young man if he was willing, for the sake of regaining his thumb, to sacrifice one of his great toes. Without hesitation, the suggestion was accepted, and measures were taken for grafting the big toe of the patient's left foot upon the stump of the lost thumb.

To begin with, the bone of the thumb-stump was excised, so as to expose it, and was thereupon grafted into the toe aforesaid, which was partly cut away for the purpose. Toe and thumb were united tightly by a bandage of plaster of Paris, and in this uncomfortable position the young man was left for seventeen days.

At the end of that time the toe was entirely removed, and its attachment to the thumb-stump made complete, the skin being sewn over it. Healing was quickly accomplished, and, three months later, the new-made thumb had become fairly serviceable. It had all the feeling in it that a thumb ought properly to have, and gave to the patient full use of his hand.

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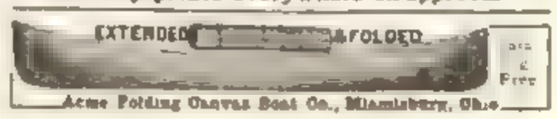

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Launching an Author

The Literary Fame Factory and How the Machinery Works

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

AUTHOR exploitation has reached the point where sometimes the book is the merest incident. The author, like the play, is "the thing." The recipe for literary fame (it does not always spell fortune) is usually to have an aggressive personality dripping with human-interest episodes and not entirely surrounded by modesty, and to this add a good press agent. The press agent stands by the literary ways and sends the author down the sometime perilous journey to publication, with streamers of newspaper notices flying in the breezes.

Behind the literary scenes is the home of the seductive "literary note." It forms one of the easiest and surest approaches to the great highway of fame. A month before the book and its unknown author appear before the public a note is sent out saying that "a genuine literary find" has been made. It is "a remarkable first novel by an absolutely new and unknown author" who "must henceforth be reckoned with as a factor in American fiction." The book, you are told, "deals with an absorbing topic of wide public interest." The second note tells you something of the character of the book: "It is a New York novel dealing with the Smart Set, and some of the best-known members figure as originals of the characters." Then the public finds out things about itself that it didn't know before, for the third note declares that "announcement of the book has been received with the widest interest, and publication is being eagerly awaited." Then into the hopper of exploitation there are dumped history, diet, and incidents, sacred and profane; all to issue therefrom in the guise of notes for a hungry public.

If the story deals with a problem that lends itself to controversy it is all the better, for somewhere in its unfolding it must offend somebody. It is the duty of the promoter to pour salt into this wound, and the more it is inflamed the greater the book's publicity.

Frequently it is discovered that new authors are suddenly (if distantly) related to half a dozen people in the public eye, ranging from warriors to suffragists. Upon every possible peg, from timeliness to disaster, is hung some shred of news that will serve to get into the newspapers the name of the author or that of his book.

When a thin-skinned author protests, his guide to the perilous heights of fame soothingly says:

"All is fair in love, war—and publicity."

Of course, new authors do not have jewel robberies or spectacular divorces, such as their predecessors, the men and women of the stage; but the pleasant charge of plagiarism has come to be one of the fashions in fiction. It is a clever topic for discussion, and it affords critics an opportunity to display learning or ignorance.

The Launching of Harum

A simple literary note started David Harum. This was the mere announcement that the author had died before the book could be brought out. He had not even seen a bound copy of it, yet it had been one of the great dreams of his life. Something in the pathos of this statement touched the heart of the American people. The book had a tremendous vogue.

A pen-name covers a multitude of exploitation sins. The late Ian Maclaren was an example. When his Drumtochty stories began to appear in the British Weekly many people thought they were by Barrie. An enterprising American publisher ran them down and made much capital out of the mystery of authorship before disclosing it.

But many authors prefer to launch themselves. These personally-conducted ascents to sensationalism occasionally make the gentle journeys to fame under the wing of the press agent look like a kindergarten gambol.

Take the case of a certain well-known author who turned out a book which made a strong appeal to passion and prejudice. He deliberately put into this book statements and scenes calculated to arouse the bitterest hostility and criticism. As he wrote them, he said to a friend: "That will draw fire!" And it did.

His whole professional life before butting into fiction was a preparation for this sort of thing. On the day his book came out he managed to have himself arrested for violating a game law. When some one sympathized with him, he replied. "But, did you see those write-ups of it? Good advertising there."

A unique method adopted by a young author to launch himself (he is now a "best seller," by the way!) was to organize a club among his friends. Each member was pledged to talk up the book wherever and whenever he had an audience. Usually it was the same set speech.

An American woman of wealth, who had climbed several rungs of the social ladder abroad, wrote into a book the story of her social triumphs and her impressions of royalty. She tried to corner fame just as she had broken into inner circles abroad. She gave elaborate "functions" and invited the great and the near-great.

Thousand-Dollar Bills in Books

Another writer conceived the idea of putting thousand-dollar bills into certain of his books, the "finders" to be "keepers."

He was too wise to place the actual bill in the book, for that would have been an unconscious subsidy for needy booksellers. His scheme was to put a series of numbers that the average reader would not notice, on certain pages in the books to be used for the purpose. Then when one hundred thousand copies had been sold (no announcement was to be made until that number had been disposed of), the key would be published and everybody who held the book containing one would get a thousand dollars. Naturally, when people knew what prize had been hung up, no one would lend his copy, and everybody would take a chance on investing a dollar.

But this brilliant idea struck a snag because it was found that it would violate the anti-lottery laws.

There are some horrible examples of authors who decline to be launched in the modern strenuous way. A woman of gentle birth and breeding once wrote a book dealing with a subject that offered itself to violent religious controversy. The heart of the press agent was glad when he read it. But the author gently said: "This book must stand on its merit, and I cannot figure in the matter." It stood, but not for long.

Over in England they do the author exploitation thing differently, for the reason that they do it scarcely at all. To be sure, Hall Caine and Marie Corelli constitute themselves a sort of personal literary and publicity syndicate. But as a rule there is little "yellow" work.

Once in a while an English publisher breaks through the dignity that envelops his calling and does a real live thing. This happened, for example, when The Heavenly Twins was published.

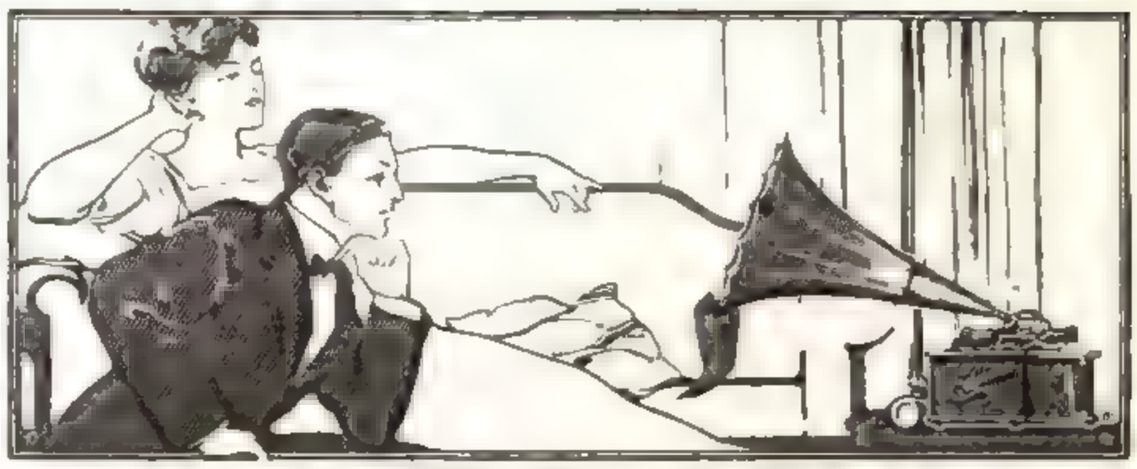
The publisher was walking down the Strand one day, wondering how he could devise a plan to boost the book. He saw a man selling dolls and he had an inspiration. Walking up to him, he said: "Do you want to make a lot of money?"

The cockney looked dazed and asked the publisher if he was joking. "No, I am not," was the reply. Taking up two dolls of the same kind, he added, "Hold up two dolls at a time and say, 'Here's The Heavenly Twins!' I'll buy the first pair."

The vender caught the idea and began to cry out: "'Ere's The 'Eavenly Twins—The 'Eavenly Twins!"

People soon became interested, stopped, smiled and bought. The connection with the book was obvious, for it had just been published. The vender's stock was sold out in an hour and he replenished it. Soon the other sellers took it up.

That night thousands of people had heard of it.



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9608 Flanigan and His Money (Original) . Steve Porter
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9610 Dearest Sweetest, Best (Peabody) . Harry Anthony
9611 Every Little Bit Added to What You've Got Makes Just a Little Bit More (Dillon Bros.) . Collins and Harlan
9612 He Goes to Church On Sunday (Goetz) . Bess Murray
9613 Heather Bells (Lassen) . Albert Benzler
9614 She Was a Grand Old Lady (Henry) . Harvey Hindermyer
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9616 Harrigan (Cohan) . Edward Meeker
9617 Miss Dixie (Hoge) . Edison Concert Band
9618 Swanee River Lullaby (Clarke) . Arthur Collins
9619 In the Good Old Steamboat Days (Hall) . Mary K. Hall
9620 My Wonderful Wonderful Lobelia (Reese) . Wm. F. Denny
9621 The Merry Lark (Bendix) . Edison Symphony Orchestra
9622 Red Wing (Metz) . Frederick H. Potter and Chorus
9623 Burying the Hatchet (Original) . Ada Jones and Len Spencer
9624 The Sailors' Chorus (Parry) . Edison Male Quartette
9625 School Days Medley (Original) . Edison Military Band

FIVE NEW GRAND OPERA RECORDS

B. 51 [illegible] "Ich Grolle Nicht" . Schumann
By Otto Goritz, Baritone. Sung in German, orchestra accompaniment
B. 52 Brindisi ("Drinking Song") "La Traviata" (Act I) . Mascagni
By Florencio Constantino, Tenor. Sung in Italian, orchestra accompaniment
B. 53 [illegible] . [illegible]
[illegible] Sung in Italian, orchestra accompaniment
B. 54 [illegible] "Love Lost" . Lieb
By Orville Harrold, Tenor. Sung in English, orchestra accompaniment
B. 100 [illegible] "Lord, to Whom Shall We Go" ("Stabat Mater") . Rossini
By Antonio Pini-Corsi, Tenor. Sung in [illegible] orchestra accompaniment.

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National Phonograph Co., 11 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

NARCISSUS, THE NEAR-POET

(Continued from Page 17)

"Yes," I answered.

"And you were walking all alone?"

"Yes."

"You had on a white dress, your head was bare?"

I nodded. So he was the Prince, released that day from the Black Prince Tree!

"Your hat was swinging over your arm?"

"You seem to remember the details," I said.

"Why, Mrs. Inness, it's absurd," he said, looking embarrassed, "perfectly so, you know—but I've hunted for that girl three years. I remember how gold the sky was, and many yards beyond me I saw this girl. I slowed up."

"But you didn't look her way when you passed," I said, "for I only saw a bit of your face and that was turned from me."

"Yes, but didn't you see——?"

"See what?"

"I was creeping along behind just because—well, I wanted to see what sort of a face a girl with—pardon me, this is just a memory—a girl who had such a straight, free figure and carriage, and a skin so white, and such shining hair—I did want to see what she looked like."

"Then why didn't you?"

"Why, confound it, a wretched little dog got in my way. I had to look to my motor to keep from crushing the life out of the little, overbred beast. I've always resented that dog, Mrs. Inness. I love dogs, and if it had been one of my own honest bull-terriers I shouldn't have been so aggrieved; but he was a slim-legged, sleek Italian greyhound with a ribbon around his neck. I thought, perhaps, he was the girl's."

"No," I said, with a queer feeling of dubiousness.

"She didn't look as though she'd take to a pet of that kind. In fact, she didn't look at all usual, or as if she belonged there. I've not any great amount of imagination, but I've always thought of her as having stepped out of a deep wood. She looked like a great, big child of Nature, so simple, you know, so primal."

"I think she was," I said.

"I think she is," he answered, and he fell back into his formal manner. "I'm glad, at any rate, I've found her. I've always thought I should. And you're sure, quite sure, she is married and isn't a girl still?"

"I don't know," I answered—for I was not sure.

"She hasn't changed a bit, not a bit," he said. "And now, good-by—and don't think me an idiot."

He was gone. The door slammed behind him. I looked up at Guidarello. "So," I said to him, "you came again after the Crusades and passed through the Black Forest and loved and died there, and now you come to me out of the heart of my Black Prince Tree. And you are all the things I dreamed you would be. You are clean, and pure of heart, and loyal, and real!"

THURSDAY.

Susan Phelps came in to tea this afternoon. She was full of gossip about the Morgan-Morris broken engagement, and she volunteered a lot of information, too, about George Gordon Morgan. That's his full name and it sounds like him someway.

Susan volunteers everything. She's a phonographic social bulletin. She is one of my patrons—the sort of girl who gives no end of parties and things with favors and big suppers for inducements. Susan is lanky, with mouse-colored hair. She looks the same both ways.

I was induced to go to one of Susan's parties. It was in a big, dreary house and it was a cushiony function. There were so many dowagers in vervet that it seemed like a human upholstery-shop.

She is the sort of a girl that brings out her parents' and grandparents' old friends, who come and gibber and pat her on the shoulder and say: "Dear, dear! Little Susan a young lady? Dear, dear! Why, it was only yesterday when your mother'——" and so on. Then they eat enormously and become comatose. And the only bachelors are elderly clubmen who look dried up.

It seems that George Gordon Morgan's family is an old New York one like the Malcolms and Van Corts—respectable, and doesn't get divorces or go on the stage. It is rich, and it seems he has heaps of extra money. The old granduncle for whom he was named left him a big fortune.

It doesn't seem to have hurt him, though, because he has made a career, and does all sorts of fine things. When he was fifteen he ran away and went to sea. When they got him home he went to Harvard. Then he decided he wanted to build ships, so he went into some Philadelphia shipyards and began at the bottom. After that Susan says he invented things about ships, though I don't exactly understand what. Susan says they are wonderful.

Mr. Morgan has done things in the East End. He has established settlements and endowed schools and clubs and hospitals and things like that.

I shall never forget the things he said about love and faith. I've thought of them over and over, and then I've thought of Narcissus, and wondered if, in the depths of him, in some place I haven't found, there may not be some little cornerstone of that sort of feeling I could lay hold of and believe in.

But I mustn't judge Narcissus by other men. He's a poet, and his taste and his talent turn to writing about love and women. That's the artist-side. Maybe, the man-side is different. Maybe, I am the one real, abiding love of his life, and his wanderings are not the true expression of his nature.

He is coming back from a country-house visit to-morrow and I'm going to have a dear little dinner for him. He dotes on the spaghetti I make on the chafing-dish, and it is lovely, for I have it steamed so nice and tender, and then I put in tomatoes and grated cheese, and it's awfully good. That's the way to put depths of devotion in a man if he hasn't them, I believe.

And I always dress sweetly.

If a husband will just come home to dinner he will find the dinner all right and the wife, too; and, even if he's grumpy and brooding, she is going to do all she can to cheer him up. At least, that's the way I think young wives are.

Narcissus is very gay and amusing when he is well fed.

Maybe, I'm too fussy and analytical and exacting in expecting all the virtues of him, but I'd only like him to believe in one or two of the true things of life which I believe in, and that even some men not carved in marble or described in romance seem to believe in, too!

FRIDAY NIGHT.

Narcissus and I did have a nice little dinner this evening. He was very gay and amusing and enjoyed the spaghetti immensely; but—well, there's no use trying to find any tone and fibre in him. It isn't there.

Over our coffee, I told him of Mr. Morgan's call and the breaking of Miss Morgan's engagement.

"What nonsense," he murmured, blowing little rings of smoke out of his ruffled, scarlet mouth.

"Nonsense?" I asked.

"Certainly," he said. "It's fate and circumstance."

"But, Arthur," I insisted, "this young man seems to hold severe creeds. He believes in fidelity and all the moral decencies of life."

"All the moral fallacies of life, my dear Sophie."

Narcissus yawned. He sat with one foot tucked under him in womanish fashion.

It all came upon me in a flash. In that instant I understood why nothing he had ever done had mattered—no indifference, no anything.

"Please," I said, unable to keep the disgust out of my voice, "please take your foot from under you and sit up straight!"

"You are not agreeable this evening," said he.

"I'm tired of being agreeable," I answered. "I'm worn out. Good-night."

To-night I examined myself severely in my mirror. I saw there a normal, wholesome vision—a healthy, rosy, clear-faced young person with frightened, questioning eyes.

Ah, Sophie Van Cort, you were not in love with Narcissus; you were in love with his love for you! You were a vain, weak, blind girl, that's all, and there's no use crying now. It's done, and you've got to go along and be cheerful and brave, and stick to your bargain!

It's done!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE MASTERY OF THE PACIFIC

(Concluded from Page 15)

world. The trees are always green and so are the lawns. Sometimes it rains! But do not be insistent on that. Finest climate in the world, you know, and finest water in the world. Therefore, finest rain-water in the world

Catch them coming and going—even climatically.

Back of Seattle there is a natural and irrigated agricultural and fruit country that is so fertile the farmers are coming to Seattle to spend their winters and their money. They raise apples and peaches and berries on some of that irrigated land so perfect it seems a shame to eat them. They raise pretty nearly everything else, too. Much of the prosperity of Seattle is due to the Eastern Washington farmers. The amount of money they make is fabulous for that sort of endeavor. You hear stories of clearing nine hundred dollars an acre or more on orchards. They are true stories, too.

And when the thrifty Eastern Washington farmer, or the man from the Yakima or some of the other irrigated country, gets in with his money he catches the spirit. Generally, he builds a row of houses or a flat building or a store, and gets the rents. Like everybody else in the place, he gets it both ways.

He catches them coming and going.

And it is not only the white man who prospers in Seattle. The Japanese are coming in by hundreds. There is a colony of six thousand of them there now. Numbers of them are in business. Certain sections of the telephone directory read like pages of a Japanese directory. In other sections you find them sandwiched in like this: "O'Brien, Ohiji; O'Rafferty, Osan; O'Sullivan, Oyama," and so on down the list. Nor does Seattle emit any loud cries of commendation when the virtues of "the Yankees of the East" are mentioned by people who do not live close to them. The Pacific Coast is not infatuated with the cute, little yellow man. The Pacific Coast hopes the cute, little yellow man will choke. Familiarity has its fatal and universal effect.

Years ago, before Seattle was much more than a hamlet, California made such a row about the Chinese that the Chinese were excluded. Men who have studied the problem since then, who have work to be done, are now wailing for Chinese immigration. The politicians will not allow it, but most people who have money invested say unrestricted Chinese immigration would be of vast help to the Coast. They say the domestic servant problem has become hopeless and that the Chinese are needed for servants, to pick the fruit, to do other tasks that white men do not care to do and that the Chinese can do better than anybody else.

Ask these men about the Japanese and they will shrug their shoulders. The Japanese assume an equality with the white men that gives the white men headaches. They are too bumptious, too assertive, too cocky, and too much given to sharp dealing in business affairs, the white men say. The American hurrahing for the Japanese is confined largely to the East.

After the Oriental Trade

At the same time, Seattle's trade with Japan and the Orient is constantly increasing. Japanese steamers dock there. That country is a large and increasing buyer, not only in Seattle, but in the rest of the country. Seattle, since the San Francisco disaster, has reached out for this trade. The claim is made by her leading merchants that this is the logical point for the bulk of the trans-Pacific commerce. Seattle is nearer Chicago than San Francisco and nearer the Far East. In arguing the question of the supremacy in the trade of the Pacific, the San Francisco shippers say the harbor at Seattle is not a free harbor, and that this will work against that city.

Seattle says this makes no difference, because the harbor charges are no greater under private ownership than they would be under public ownership.

There is a large amount of public betterment going on in Seattle. The railroads are completing their terminals. New roads are coming in. The harbor is being resurveyed and improved. Provision is being made for manufacturing. The city, which had some eighty thousand people in 1900, has trebled in size. The supporting territory of Eastern Washington is being developed to its highest efficiency. Alaska is growing as a factor with every year. Prosperity is universal.

The boomers say Seattle will have half a million people in a few years. They point to their growth in the past ten years as proof of the prophecy. Enthusiasts put the population figure at an eventual million. Meantime, San Francisco is prostrate and Seattle is taking advantage of every opportunity. Talk that Seattle will get and keep San Francisco's commerce is idle, for San Francisco will be rebuilt. If there were no other reason than the railroads, it will be rebuilt.

What Will Happen on the Pacific

What will happen on the Pacific Coast, so far as the mastery of the Pacific is concerned, is this: The three great towns, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle, will be partnership masters. There will be no monopoly as there has been in San Francisco. Each city will have a large share, and the question of mastery will not be one for serious consideration. Los Angeles is not ready yet, and San Francisco is crippled. Seattle is alive and vigorous, alert to every advantage, and may, in time, be the metropolis of the Coast. That is beside the question.

These three great cities, sitting at the north, the middle and the south of our western coast, will share in the commerce of the Pacific, and it will not be the question of mastery by one or mastery by two. Together they will control the world trade with the Orient.

Meantime, there need be no fears that Seattle will not get her share, no matter how conditions may better in San Francisco or how soon Los Angeles may begin to reach out. Seattle has the harbor, has people who are alive to every opportunity, and Seattle's motto is: "Go to it, and get the money."

Go to it, and catch them coming and going, which is what Seattle does.

A Proctor by Proxy

A CERTAIN army surgeon, who had been appointed to the volunteers and put into the regular establishment, came up for examination for promotion. He had a good record in the field in the Spanish War and in the Philippines, but he had been away from his books for six years, getting actual experience, and he was rusty on some of the technicalities.

The examining board fixed up an examination that the dean of a medical college could not have passed, and the army surgeon flunked. He was in sore straits, and went to a friend for advice.

"What you want to do," said the friend, who is a lawyer skilled in the intricacies of the War Department, "is to get some influence and apply for another examination, after you have had a chance to brush up. Your record is first class, and you can do it easily with a little of the right kind of pressure."

"But where can I get influence?" asked the army surgeon. "I have been over in the Philippines for years."

"What State are you from?"

"Massachusetts."

"Go and see Proctor, and see what he can do for you."

Now Proctor, at that time, was the secretary of Senator Lodge. The surgeon knew nothing of politics, and the only Proctor he had ever heard of was Senator Proctor, of Vermont, formerly Secretary of War. He went to see the Senator, sent in his card and waited.

The Senator looked at the card. He had never heard of the man, but didn't want to be brusque about dismissing him, and told him to come in, thinking to hear his story and then let him go.

All the time the army surgeon was talking Senator Proctor tried to remember something about him. He couldn't. He became interested and said: "Young man, I am glad you came to me. I like your story, and I'll see about it."

The Senator did see about it, too, and the army surgeon was given another examination and passed with flying colors, all of which shows that ignorance of politics is not always to be despised.

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A LADY IN HASTE

(Concluded from Page 5)

With a sudden nervous movement she forestalled the bolt for freedom, shut the door and sank down on the hall-seat, almost hysterical with laughter.

And through the diamond sidelights she saw Mr. Manners wandering down the street as though stupefied, and at his elbow a complacently befuddled cook, steadying her steps with great dignity beside his, and continually attempting to straighten the bonnet, which had a tendency to slip down over her right eye.

For a minute or two the young girl behind the door watched the amazing progress of Manners and his cook, giving them a full three minutes to disappear into the jungles of Sixth Avenue; then, weak with laughter, she rose and laid her hand on the door, ready to make her own escape.

At the same instant a man's shadowy figure darkened the glass from the outside, and she heard the impatient fumbling of a latch-key in the lock.

"Jones!" she whispered with whitening lips. "What on earth am I to do?"

Glancing right and left in pallid desperation she shrank back; and as the heavy glass and wrought-iron door began to open, she turned and fairly took to her heels, running swiftly, blindly, yet with some occult instinct, too, for in a moment more she found herself in the laundry.

The same instinct also, perhaps, set her rapidly unpinning her hat and tucking it and her gloves and purse away in the depths of an ironing-table.

Fortunately she was dressed in black. Freshly laundered caps and aprons lay in a clothes-basket near by—relics, no doubt, of the departed maids. She heard a step on the kitchen stairs, seized a cap and pinned it on her dark hair, threw on a ruffled apron, and, frightened almost to death, turned to confront him.

"Maggie," began Jones, walking slowly from the kitchen toward the laundry, "this is a very solemn moment in your life and in mine. Kind hearts are more than coronets, Maggie, and beauty is but skin deep. All human beings are born free and equal, and your present condition of servitude, Maggie, is an outrageous anachronism. Tyrannical society and the despotism of wealth, embodied in me, Maggie, have come into your humble kitchen to offer you reparation ——"

He stopped suddenly as he arrived at the laundry door and blinked in mild surprise.

"Where's Maggie?" he asked, inspecting the strange, youthful figure in cap and apron, backed up fearfully against the tubs.

"M-Maggie, the cook?" she asked faintly. "I think she went away."

"What?"

"Y-yes; with a gentleman."

"What gentleman?"

"The—the one who brought me here—Mr. Manners."

"Manners! Manners!" exclaimed Jones. "You tell me that William Manners has been here and gone off with my cook?"

"Y-yes."

Profoundly astonished, Jones sat down on the clothes-basket.

"Do you mean to tell me that he's actually taken her away?" he murmured.

"Yes—for good."

Jones drew a long, deep breath of relief.

"It was high time," he said with a shudder. "I've had a narrow escape! She was not—not physically very attractive. I am glad *you* are."

"W-what?"

"I am glad that you are physically attractive, because it will be easier for me to offer you marriage. You see, I'm determined to marry somebody's cook, and it might as well be my own. Have you any town references?"

"N-no," she gasped.

"That makes no difference," he said kindly. "Perhaps you've just come off the island, but I don't mind. You see, my creed is the simple creed of brotherly love and equality. The artificial social codes and laws which put you behind the bars ——"

"But I *haven't* been in prison!" she said hysterically.

"It's all the same to me," observed Jones mildly. "Sin should be its own punishment. Retaliation is barbarous. I remembered that when I wanted to assault Manners this afternoon."

He shuddered again and looked up into the fresh, pretty face of the girl by the window.

"I'm glad Maggie has gone," he said, "because I should not have avoided my duty had she remained. And now the decision remains with you."

"What decision?"

"About marrying me. Will you?"

"Mr. Jones! Would you actually marry a—a cook?"

Jones did not answer immediately. He sat on the edge of the clothes-hamper, a curious expression on his face. Suddenly a ghastly pallor whitened it; he rose unsteadily to his feet.

"It's odd," he muttered; "something seems to be happening to me all over!"—And he began to move blindly toward the door, swaying as he progressed.

Dismayed, the girl looked after him; then, as he began to stumble up the stairway, she followed swiftly, saw him almost fall twice recover, and start dizzily toward the drawing-room.

"Are you very ill?" she asked, stepping up beside him.

"No—something rather agreeable than otherwise seems to be happening to me." He reeled, and she caught him.

"Thank you; if I could reach a—a sofa ——"

"Courage!" she said, resolutely controlling her own dismay, and supporting him to the nearest lounge, where he sank down on the brocaded cushions, limp, astonished at his own condition, but curiously contented.

"Something is surely happening to me," he repeated. "I believe—I believe that Manners is giving me some more absent treatment—powerful, concentrated, emergency treatment—in relation to you."

"To *me!*" she repeated, startled.

"Yes—yes, I am sure of it now! . . . How b-b-beautiful you are!" he sighed sentimentally. "How exquisitely attractive is that cap and apron! And your divinely dark eyes, and your lovely mouth, and ——"

"Mr. Jones!"

"I can't help it; he's making me adore you!"

"What!" she cried, exasperated.

The telephone upstairs began to ring violently.

"Would you mind answering?" he asked appealingly. "I'm still rather dizzy."

She straightened up, turned, and mounted the stairs with wrath in her eyes. The next moment the whir of the telephone bell ceased; Jones heard her voice, scornfully level and even in tone, then silence, then a startled exclamation. And now her voice became animated, expostulatory, indignant, pleading by turns:

"Mr. Manners! I refuse to understand you."

. . . . . .

"Of course, I hope you will be able to shift Mr. Jones' affections to a worthier ——"

. . . . . .

"You say that you are now giving Mr. Jones this new treatment?"

. . . . . .

"Yes; Mr. Jones is apparently already affected by *something!*"

. . . . . .

"Yes, you certainly have proved that you are able to give absent mental treatment."

. . . . . .

"What!!!"

"Mr. Manners, that is the most outrageously impudent threat ——"

. . . . . .

"What!!! To revenge yourself for what you suffered with that cook! It certainly was not my fault ——"

. . . . . .

"Yes, I *did* laugh, but I couldn't help it."

. . . . . .

"Mr. Manners! You simply dare not attempt such a thing on Mr. Jones and me, even if you did promise him a lady in haste."

. . . . . .

"I can't help it; I am very sorry for Mr. Jones, but I certainly do not wish to learn to care for him ——"

. . . . . .

"Make *me* love Mr. Jones!!!"

. . . . . .

"What! You say you are making me fall in love with Mr. Jones? *Now?* Mr. Manners, you exasperate me! You are the wickedest mischief-maker in the world—or would be if you could be! But I defy you to force me to do any ——"

. . . . . .

"You're making *him* care for *me!*"

. . . . . .

"I don't believe it! You can't do it! H-Heaven won't allow you to do such things to Kelly! Oh-h!—You've made me call him Kelly already! You—you are frightening me, Mr. Manners! I—I admit that you can do these terrible things—I confess your awful power! But don't, Mr. Manners, please, please don't m-make me care for him!"

. . . . . .

"Oh, you *are!* You are making me care for him *now!* Care more for him every second! You are *making* me care for him most excessively!"

. . . . . .

"*No!!* I—I don't want you to stop—now! I—It's too late; you've made me b-b-begin to love him!"

. . . . . .

"Yes, I *do* love him! I don't care what you do to us now, because I am perfectly mad about him."

. . . . . .

"Yes, I do forgive you. I am too happy not to. I—It certainly was perfectly dear of you to make me so celestially happy. . . . And he's downstairs. And I can't endure this separation from him another instant! So, good-by ——"

. . . . . .

"Yes, it *is* heavenly to be so thoroughly in love! *Good*-by ——"

. . . . . .

"Oh, what?"

. . . . . .

"I don't care what anybody says!"

. . . . . .

"Yes. I am willing to be his lady in haste."

. . . . . .

"All right, if you think we ought to have a clergyman this afternoon."

. . . . . .

"Oh, *thank* you! Bring any clergyman convenient. I'll tell Kelly how kind you are. *Good*-by!"

And then she rang off, flushed, radiant, wonder-eyed in the dazzling beauty of a world transformed miraculously into Paradise in as many minutes as her young life could count in years.

Then listening, alert, she heard, with an excited flutter in her heart, the furtive step of Jones upon the stair, and she sprang to her feet, trembling in delicious trepidation as he entered the room. They stared at one another, spellbound, fascinated.

"Sweetheart," he whispered naïvely, partly because he didn't know her other name.

And she forgot to tell him, surrendering to him her slender, fragrant hands as he knelt there at her feet; and, desperately in love, she gazed down at him, tremulous, half-fearful, adoring the adoration in his upturned and worshiping eyes.

So came to Jones his Lady in Haste.

The Atlantic's Dam

JOHN F. STEVENS, formerly chief engineer of the Panama Canal, was called before the Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals several times and questioned about the work on the isthmus.

One Senator had heard about "torrentials rain" in connection with the Chagres River, and used the expression half a dozen times, much to the disgust of Stevens.

Then he branched off to the Gatun dam.

"Now, Mr. Stevens," he said, "what will be the effect of confining a hundred and ten square miles of water behind this dam? Will not this great lake push over that dam?"

"The effect," said Mr. Stevens coldly, "will be about the same as a push you might give with your shoulder to the Capitol."

"But," persisted the Senator, "think of the tremendous pressure of that great body of water against that dam."

"I am thinking of it," said Stevens. "I am thinking of it in the light of a very simple and well-understood principle of hydrostatics. Did you ever hear of the dykes of Holland that withstand the pressure of the entire Atlantic Ocean?"

And that part of the examination ended right there.

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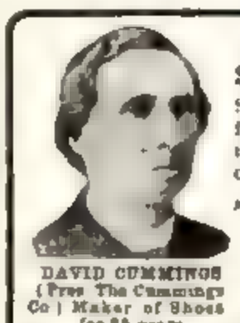

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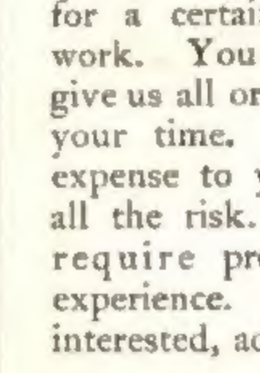

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The Glutton of the Great Snow

(Continued from Page 9)

adversary. They seemed prepared to stay there indefinitely, in the hope of starving out the carcajou and tearing her to pieces. Perceiving this, the carcajou turned her back upon them, climbed farther up the tree to a comfortable crotch, and settled herself indifferently for a nap. For all her voracious appetite, she knew she could go hungry longer than any wolf, and quite wear out the pack in a waiting game. Then the trapper, indignant at seeing so much good meat spoiled, but his sporting instincts stirred to sympathy by the triumph of one beast like the carcajou over a whole wolf-pack, turned his back upon the scene and resumed his tramp. The wolves had lost prestige in his eyes, and he now felt ready to fight them all with his single axe.

CHAPTER III

FROM that day on the wolf-pack cherished a sleepless grudge against the carcajou, and wasted precious hours, from time to time, striving to catch her off her guard. The wolf's memory is a long one, and the feud lost nothing in its bitterness as the winter weeks, loud with storm or still with deadly cold, dragged by. For a time the crafty old carcajou fed fat on the flesh which none but she could touch, while all the other beasts but the bear, safe asleep in his den, and the porcupine, browsing contentedly on hemlock and spruce, went lean with famine. During this period, since she had all that even her great appetite could dispose of, the carcajou robbed neither the hunter's traps nor the scant stores of the other animals. But at last her larder was bare. Then, turning her attention to the traps again, she speedily drew upon her the trapper's wrath, and found herself obliged to keep watch against two foes at once, and they the most powerful in the wilderness—namely, the man and the wolf-pack. Even the magnitude of this feud, however, did not daunt her greedy but fearless spirit, and she continued to rob the traps, elude the wolves, and evade the hunter's craftiest efforts, till the approach of spring not only eased the famine of the forest but put an end to the man's trapping. When the furs of the wild kindred began to lose their gloss and vitality, the trapper loaded his pelts upon a big hand-sledge, sealed up his cabin securely, and set out for the settlements before the snow should all be gone. Once assured of his absence, the carcajou devoted all her strength and cunning to making her way into the closed cabin. At last, after infinite patience and endeavor, she managed to get in, through the roof. There were supplies—flour, and bacon, and dried apples, all very much to her distinctly catholic taste—and she enjoyed herself immensely till private duties summoned her reluctantly away.

Spring comes late to the great snows, but when it does come it is swift and not to be denied. Then summer, with much to do and little time to do it in, rushes ardently down upon the plains and the fir-forests. About three miles back from the cabin, on a dry knoll in the heart of a tangled swamp, the old wolverene dug herself a commodious and secret burrow. Here she gave birth to a litter of tiny young ones, much like herself in miniature, only of a paler color and softer, silkier fur. In her ardent, unflagging devotion to these little ones she undertook no hunting that would take her far from home, but satisfied her appetite with mice, slugs, worms and beetles.

Living in such seclusion as she did, her enemies the wolves lost all track of her for the time. The pack had broken up, as a formal organization, according to the custom of wolf-packs in summer. But there was still more or less cohesion, of a sort, between its scattered members; and the leader and his mate had a cave not many miles from the wolverene's retreat.

As luck would have it, the gray old leader, returning to the cave one day with the body of a rabbit between his gaunt jaws, took a short cut across the swamp, and came upon the trail of his long-lost enemy. In fact, he came upon several of her trails; and he understood very well what it meant. He had no time, or inclination, to stop and look into the matter then; but his sagacious eyes gleamed with vengeful intention as he continued his journey.

About this time—the time being a little past midsummer—the man came back to his cabin, bringing supplies. It was a long journey between the cabin and the settlements, and he had to make it several times during the brief summer, in order to accumulate stores enough to last through the long, merciless season of the great snows. When he reached the cabin and found that, in spite of all his precautions, the greedy carcajou had outwitted him and broken in, and pillaged his stores, his indignation knew no bounds.

The carcajou had become an enemy more dangerous to him than all the other beasts of the wild together. She must be hunted down and destroyed before he could go on with his business of laying in stores for the winter.

For several days the man prowled in ever-widening circles around his cabin, seeking to pick up his enemy's fresh trail. At last, late one afternoon, he found it, on the outskirts of the swamp. It was too late to follow it up then. But the next day he set out betimes with rifle, axe and spade, vowed to the extermination of the whole carcajou family, for he knew, as well as the old wolf did, why the carcajou had taken up her quarters in the swamp.

It chanced that this very morning was the morning when the wolves had undertaken to settle their ancient grudge. The old leader—his mate being occupied with her cubs—had managed to get hold of two other members of the pack, with memories as long as his. The unraveling of the trails in the swamp was an easy task for their keen noses. They found the burrow on the dry, warm knoll, prowled stealthily all about it for a few minutes, then set themselves to digging it open. When the man, whose wary, moccasined feet went noiselessly as a fox's, came in eyeshot of the knoll, the sight he caught through the dark jumble of tree-trunks brought him to a stop. He slunk behind a screen of branches and peered forth with eager interest. What he saw was three big, gray wolves, starting to dig furiously. He knew they were digging at the carcajou's burrow.

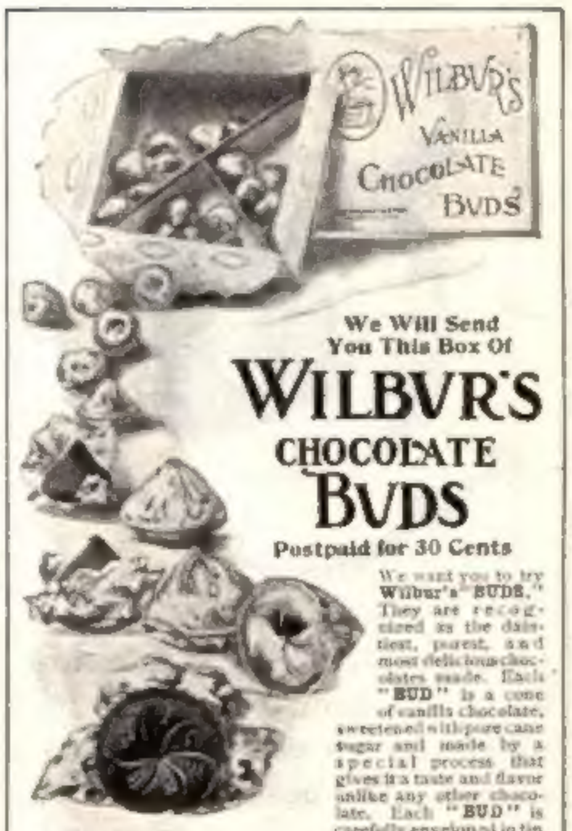
When the wolves fell to digging their noses told them that there were young carcajous in the burrow, but they could not be sure whether the old one was at home or not. On this point, however, they were presently informed. As the dry earth flew from beneath their furious claws, a dark, blunt snout shot forth, to be as swiftly withdrawn. Its appearance was followed by a yelp of pain, and one of the younger wolves drew back, walking on three legs. One forepaw had been bitten clean through, and he lay down, whining, to lick and cherish it. That paw, at least, would do no more digging for some time.

The man, in his hiding-place behind the screen, saw what had happened, and felt a twinge of sympathetic admiration for his enemy, the savage little fighter in the burrow. The remaining two wolves now grew more cautious, keeping back from the entrance as well as they could, and undermining its edges. Again and again the dark muzzle shot forth, but the wolves always sprang away in time to escape punishment. This went on till the wolves had made such an excavation that the man thought they must be nearing the bottom of the den. He waited breathlessly for the dénouement, which he knew would be exciting.

He had not long to wait.

On a sudden, as if jerked from a catapult, the old carcajou sprang clear out, snatching at the muzzle of the nearest wolf. He dodged, but not quite far enough; and she caught him fairly in the side of the throat, just behind the jaw. It was a deadly grip, and the wolf rose on his hindlegs, struggling frantically to shake her off. But with her great strength and powerful, clutching claws, which she used almost as a bear might, she pulled him down on top of her, striving to use his bulk as a shield against the fangs of the other wolf; and the two rolled over and over to the foot of the knoll.

It was the second young wolf, unfortunately for her, that she had fastened upon, or the victory, even against such odds, might have been hers. But the old leader was wary. He saw that his comrade was done for; so he stood watchful, biding his chance to get just the grip he wanted. At length, as he saw the younger wolf's struggles growing feebler, he darted in and slashed the carcajou frightfully across the loins. But this was not the hold that he



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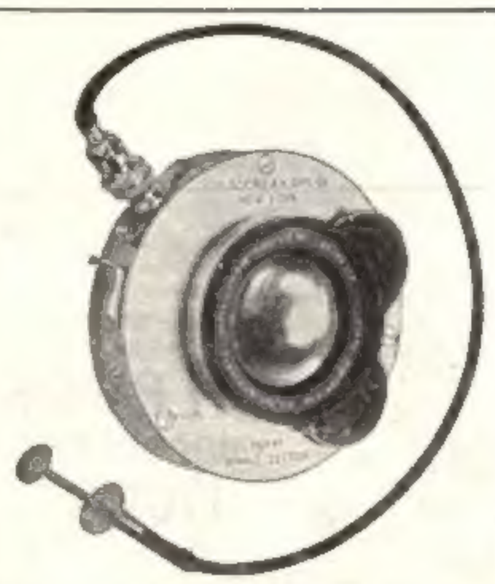

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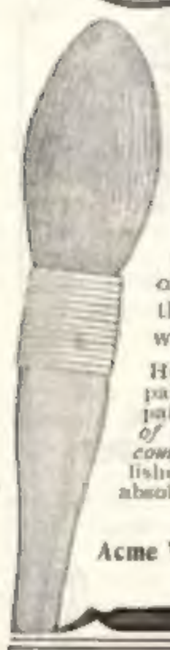

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wanted. As she dropped her victim and turned upon him valiantly, he caught her high up on the back, and held her fast between his bone-crushing jaws. It was a final and fatal grip; but she was not beaten until she was dead. With her fierce eyes already glazing she writhed about and succeeded in fixing her death-grip upon the victor's lean fore leg. With the last ounce of her strength, the last impulses of her courage and her hate, she clinched her jaws till her teeth met through flesh, sinew and the cracking bone itself. Then her lifeless body went limp, and with a swing of his massive neck the old wolf flung her from him.

Having satisfied himself that she was quite dead, the old wolf now slunk off on three legs into the swamp, holding his maimed and bleeding limb as high as he could. Then the man stepped out from his hiding-place and came forward. The wolf who had been first bitten got up and limped away with surprising agility; but the one in whose throat the old carcajou had fixed her teeth lay motionless where he had fallen, a couple of paces from his dead slayer. Wolf-pelts were no good at this season, so the man thrust the body carelessly aside with his foot. But he stood for a minute or two looking down with whimsical respect on the dead form of the carcajou.

"Y' ain't nawthin' but a thief an' stinkin' Glutton," he muttered presently, "an' the whole kit an' bilin' of ye's got to be wiped out! But, when it comes to grit, clean through, I takes off my cap to ye!"

THE WORKINGMAN'S WIFE

(Concluded from Page 11)

The hours through which these Slavic women can keep up their round of dancing, drinking and eating would be impossible to the women of any other race. But usually at the end of two or three days of festivities they get tired of this monotony—begin to find it a little dull, perhaps—and start a fight. And they fight in earnest, women and men, for hardly one of these brawls goes by without killing its man. And usually these crimes escape detection, because the sentiment of the people is not against them and it is so easy to conceal a man's body. The commonest way is to throw it into a stream or ditch, and as these are absolutely black with coal-dust, thick with sulphur or red earth, even the shallowest will conceal a body for days.

And yet there is absolutely no higher pleasure awaiting Marie Wallewsky and her husband than such festivities and such drunken brawls. The once-beautiful hills and valleys have been disfigured by fire and sulphur until there is nothing beautiful for them to look at; the house in which they must live is sordid and mean; there are no libraries in their town, no decent theatres, no public lectures—absolutely nothing for them to do but to eat and drink and dance.

The local police are quite unable to cope with the consequent lawless situation, and it has been found necessary to keep a regiment of the constabulary in the valley. These men ride up and down, doing picket duty, followed by the scowls of the women. I am told that their practice targets are often destroyed in the night by the resentful Slavs, and that, when there is trouble, they are more afraid of the miners' wives than of the miners themselves. Many police officers and soldiers, it is said, have been killed by the women. It may be necessary to keep these people under with guns; but, up to the present, however, the policy of those in authority has simply been one of crushing them down.

Formerly, when the mines were in possession of the Irish, Welsh, Scotch and English, the miners had their study classes and song festivals. Might it not be well to try by some such gentle means to lift the invading Slavs out of their brutality? For better or worse, the miners' wives of the next generation will be the mothers of Americans.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Miss Bensley upon the environment, characteristics and ideals of The American Workingman's Wife to-day.

THE ART OF HANDLING MEN

(Concluded from Page 18)

The best handlers of men often seem to pick raw units haphazard. Unless the vital spark has forever flickered out in a candidate, unless he is unquestionably a bad egg through and through, they add him to the organization. "Team work" does the rest.

It may be jingoism to believe that the element of "team work" is something we excel in here in America. They *may* do this better in France. A railroad coach was wanted in a hurry not long ago in India. The Hindu laborer is not prized for his speed or staying power. A little team organization, however, and an appeal to the Hindu to let out the throttle a notch and show what native labor could do, resulted in the production of that coach from rough material in forty hours.

But team work seems to be the characteristic of Yankee business. We have had it since Franklin's time. General Braddock stormed at farmers who would not risk their wagons to haul military supplies. Franklin wrote an advertisement, spoke to a few people, and in three days had all the transport needed. There comes to mind, too, that crude militia regiment he organized and drilled, which "accompanied me to my house, and would salute me with some rounds fired before my door, which shook down and broke several glasses of my electrical apparatus."

Team work may be the man-to-man relation in a small shop, or committee organization in a big one. A New York contractor issues specifications for brickwork that divides each job up into equal sections, and insures an even start on all, and makes the whole an athletic contest. The same number of men are put on each section, and men of the same nationality if possible. The same kind of material is issued, and there are prizes and recognition for the winners. This plan not only secures more speed than crowding the job with a large force, but brings out qualities in individuals that mark them for promotion as foremen.

A large industrial plant had friction until the committee plan was adopted—each department headed by a committee of not more than six which could take up difficulties of its own work, and also be called into general advisory councils. There was little trouble after that, for the men who knew things had a voice, and all work went on under arrangements previously discussed, understood and agreed to, and workers in different departments got acquainted with one another—perhaps the most essential point of all. The idea of "get together" is a regular Hague tribunal of peace in industrial affairs. One organization has carried it so far that a conference must not only be held in all difficulties, but those who come to the conference are never permitted to leave in pique, anger or dissatisfaction. Such discussions seldom run along like the afternoon meeting of a sewing circle. Energy comes to confer—high-priced energy—and sometimes politics and personal rancor. But the difficulty is threshed out in the open, and no matter how the decision finally falls, this rule brings everything to a close in sweetness and light, largely because it is a rule for just such occasions.

Dig into the heart of the aggressive, loyal organization, in whatever line, and it will be found that somewhere there is a personality, and that somehow the idea of working for the growth and glory of the organization has been skillfully imposed upon that organization from top to bottom. This executive does it through profit sharing, that one by a race against the calendar and the clock, others by the promotion of friendly rivalry between employees, still others by prizes, percentages and what not. Every plan is built into the fibre of its particular organization, and cannot be transplanted. System and basic principles do much. But behind them, somewhere, is the human stimulus and sympathy that make it go from one year's end to the other, and never permit the "What's the use?" query to arise in the minds of those who are carrying it out.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of papers on modern methods in the management of employees.

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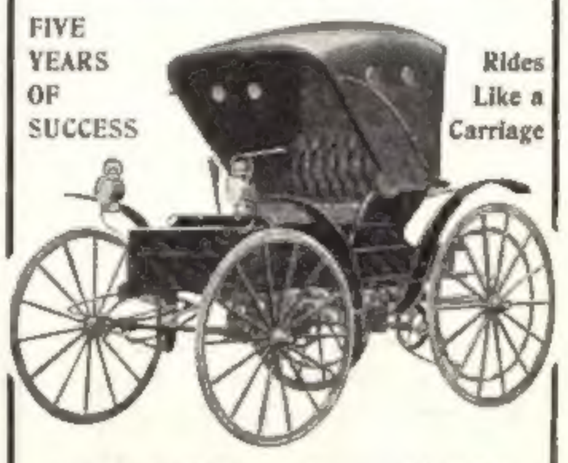

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